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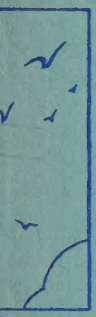
Clear Horizons

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living



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April, 1943

Clear Horizons

VOL. 3, NO. 4 APRIL, 1943

This issue presents the picture of a discordant world in the midst of a harmonious universe, and offers as the only safe and sure solution for the chaos on the earth's surface, a complete turning to the heavenly harmony within. Love and Prayer can save the world, and nothing else can. There are two methods by which all evil may be overcome—one is the Suffering way, the other is the Love way. God permits wars to come only as long as people turn away from Him. He ends them as soon as a time of spiritual awakening comes to their lives. With enough Prayers sent to God and enough Love broadcast to our fellow men, we feel confident that this war could end this year. May we beg you to turn again to the Prayer Tower and join in our prayer of repentance and love.

(Those desiring to know the cities and times of praying send stamped addressed envelope for the leaflet, The Prayer Tower.)

CLEAR HORIZONS

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

GLENN CLARK, *Editor*

HELEN WENTWORTH, *Managing Editor*

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APRIL, 1943

Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

Third Year Volume 3, No. 4

¶ The "first lady" of the world reveals the source of her strength.

I Confess My Faith

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek

BY NATURE I am not a religious person. At least not in the common acceptance of that term. I am not by nature a mystic. I am practical-minded. I am more disturbed as I traverse the crowded, dirty streets of an interior city than I am by the hazards of flying with poor visibility, which my husband and I experienced the other day. Personal danger means nothing to me. But I am concerned that my schools for the children of the revolutionary heroes shall raise for them, and perhaps for the communities to which they return, the standards of living and the quality of life.

Also, I am more or less skeptical. I used to think Faith, Belief, Immortality, were more or less imaginary. I believed in the world seen, not the world unseen. I could not accept things just because they had always been accepted. In other words, a religion good enough for my fathers did not necessarily appeal to me. I do not yet believe in predigested religion in palatable, sugar-coated doses.

I knew my mother lived very close to God. I recognized something great in her. And I believe that my childhood training influenced me greatly, even though I was more or less rebellious at the time. Like my brothers and sisters, I always had to go to church and I hated the long sermons. But

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From *I Confess My Faith* by Mei-ling Soong Chiang. Published by the Editorial Dept. of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church. By permission of the publishers.

today I feel that this church-going habit established something, a kind of stability, for which I am grateful to my parents.

My mother was not a sentimental person. In many ways she was a Spartan. But one of my strongest childhood impressions is of Mother going to a room she kept for the purpose on the third floor to pray. She spent hours in prayer, often beginning before dawn. When we asked her advice about anything, she would say, "I must ask God first."

And we could not hurry her. Asking God was not a matter of spending five minutes to ask God to bless her child and grant her request. It meant waiting upon God until she felt His leading. And I must say whenever Mother prayed and trusted God for her decision, the undertaking invariably turned out well.

As long as Mother lived I had a feeling that whatever I did, or failed to do, Mother would pray me through. Though she insisted that she was not our intercessor, that we must pray ourselves, yet I know for a certainty that many of her long hours of prayer were spent interceding for us. Perhaps it is because religion in my mind is associated with such a mother that I have never been able to turn from it entirely.

One day I was talking with her about the imminent Japanese menace, and I suddenly cried out in irresistible intensity of feeling:

"Mother, you're so powerful in prayer. Why don't you pray that God will annihilate Japan—by an earthquake or something?"

She turned her face away for a time. Then looking gravely at me she said: "When you pray, or expect me to pray, don't insult God's intelligence by asking Him to do something which would be unworthy even of you, a mortal!"

That made a deep impression on me. And today I can pray for the Japanese people, knowing that there must be many who, like Kagawa, suffer because of what their country is doing to China.

During the last seven years I have suffered much. I have gone through deep waters because of the chaotic conditions in China: the lopping off of our richest provinces, the death of my sainted mother, flood, famine, and the intrigues of those who should have been helping to unify the country. All these things have made me see my own inadequacy. More than that, all human insufficiency. To try to do anything for the country seemed like trying to put out a great conflagration with a cup of water.

During these years of my married life, I have gone through three phases as related to my religion. First, there was a tremendous enthusiasm and patriotism — a pas-

sionate desire to do something for my country. Here was my opportunity. With my husband, I would work ceaselessly to make China strong. I had the best of intentions. But something was lacking. There was no staying power. I was depending on self.

Then came the second phase. These things that I have referred to happened, and I was plunged into dark despair. A terrible depression settled on me—spiritual despair, bleakness, desolation. At the time of my mother's death, the blackness was greatest. A foreign foe was on our soil in the north. A discontented political faction in the south. Famine threatening the millions who dwell in the Yangtze Valley. And my beloved mother taken from me. What was left?

And then I realized that spiritually I was failing my husband. My mother's influence on the General had been tremendous. His own mother was a devout Buddhist. It was my mother's influence and personal example that led him to become a Christian. Too honest to be one just to win her consent to our marriage, he had promised my mother that he would study Christianity and read the Bible. And I suddenly realized that he was sticking to his promise, even after she was gone, but losing perhaps because there were so many things he did not understand.

I began to see that what I was doing to help, for the sake of the country, was only a substitute for what he needed. I was letting him head toward a mirage when I knew of the oasis. Life was all confusion. I had been in the depths of despair. Out of that, and the feeling of human inadequacy, I was driven back to mother's God. I knew there was a power greater than myself. I knew God was there. But Mother was no longer there to do my interceding for me. It seemed to be up to me to help the General spiritually, and in helping him I grew spiritually myself.

Thus I entered into the third period, where I wanted to do, not my will, but God's. Life is really simple, and yet how confused we make it. In old China's art there is just one outstanding object, perhaps a flower, on a scroll. Everything else in the picture is subordinate to that one beautiful thing. An integrated life is like that. What is that one flower? As I see it now, it is the will of God. But to know His will, and do it, calls for absolute sincerity, absolute honesty with one's self, and it means using one's mind to the best of one's ability.

I used to pray that God would do this or that. Now I pray only that God will make His will known to me.

God speaks to me in prayer. Prayer is not self-hypnotism. It is more then meditation. The

Buddhist priests spend days in meditating. In meditation the source of strength is one's self. But when one prays he goes to a source of strength greater than his own. I wait to feel His leading, and His guidance means certainty.

Prayer is our source of guidance and balance. God is able to enlighten the understanding. I am often bewildered, because my mind is only finite. I question and doubt my own judgments. Then I seek guidance, and when I am sure, I go ahead, leaving the results with Him.

Our finite minds beside His infinite mind seems to me like this: I go walking, and the hills loom above me, range upon range, one against the other. I cannot tell where one begins, and another leaves off. But from the air (I seldom have time to travel any other way now) everything has a distinct contour and form. Perhaps that is like my mind and God's. And when I talk with Him, He lifts me up where I can see clearly.

I do not think it is possible to make this understandable to one who has not tried it. To explain to one who has had no experience of getting guidance what it means would be like trying to make a stone-deaf person understand the beauty of a Chopin sonata.

What I do want to make clear is that whether we get guidance or not, it's there. It's like tuning in on the radio. There's music in the air, whether we tune in or not. By learning to tune in, one can understand. How is it done? As Brother Lawrence told us long ago, "by practicing the presence of God." By daily communion with Him. One cannot expect to be conscious of God's presence when one has only a bowing acquaintance with Him.

With me, religion is a very simple thing. It means to try with all my heart and soul and strength *and mind* to do the will of God. I feel that God has given me work to do in China. This is no small task. China's problems are greater today than ever before. But despondency and despair are not mine today. I look to Him who is able to do all things, even more than we ask or think.

The divine plan for our different lives is like a mosaic, each needed to make the whole.—*M. C. S.*

The great use of a life is to spend it for something that outlasts it.

—*William James.*

¶ What God can do for men when He is given complete control.

With Rickenbacker in the School of Prayer

Glenn Clark

IT TOOK Rickenbacker and his crew only twenty-one *days* to learn what it took me twenty-one *years* to learn. And how did they do it? *Because they had to.* It was sink or swim, do or die, survive or perish.

Here were seven men who had come together from all points of the compass, not one had ever met any other one before the flight was started. Nor did any of them seemingly know anything about prayer, not a one was especially religious as far as we know. Here was a sublime opportunity for God to show the world what He could do with anyone, starting from scratch, if He could be given full opportunity to take complete charge of his life.

Suddenly they were off their course, the gas was running out, and no radio station able to give them their latitude. From that moment the lessons in prayer began to come to them. The fact that they themselves were not aware of the significance of these lessons does not alter the situation. From the moment they were lost God began to trace for them, as vividly as a teacher's hand tracing it on the blackboard, the lessons in prayer, and here those lessons are, briefly stated:

First law of prayer: *Throw Out the Ballast.* Rickenbacker writes that he never knew how worthless material things were until they began to throw out everything that would weigh down the flying boat. But they didn't stop with casting out material *things.* Presently, after they had been for days in the rubber rafts, they began to cast out the inner *"ballast"* from their *minds* and *souls* as well. Rickenbacker said, "It is well that I never got started or I would be talking yet."

Second law of prayer: *"When Two or Three Agree."* Only where there is harmony is there power in prayer. On a life raft where one could not even turn over without all others turning over in unison, it became very necessary that they learn the lesson of "agree." When only four oranges must last seven men for eight days it was very necessary that they "agree" on the proper division.

Had the men really known this

law in all its deeper implications which Peter, James and John learned so well at the feet of Jesus on Mt. Hermon, and had practiced it more consciously in every area of their souls—in the spirit as well as they had to practice it with their bodies—they might have been rescued a fortnight sooner. But that they learned it and applied it in actual experience no one can doubt.

Third law of prayer: *They Rediscovered the Bible.* One day Rickenbacker saw Bartek reading a Bible—the only one salvaged from the wreck, and thereafter they took turns reading it aloud to each other, morning and evening. How the promises in the Bible must have stood out when read on the open sea with no human help in sight and nothing but these promises to cling to! "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." "Commit thy ways unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth." "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." "Verily, verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you."

Sometimes I think the Bible is too common. If we had to climb up mountains to get a glimpse of it we might treasure it more fully. Three other men were once alone on a raft without a Bible. And only one knew any of its contents, Bible stories his grandmother had told him as a boy. So precious were these that he "rationed" them, one each day, lest they should run out before help came.

Fourth law of prayer: *One Should Really Desire Something With All One's Heart.*

These men really desired water, they really desired food. So many times our prayers are not *hungers,* they are merely *wishes.* Once a youth went to a wise Hindu and said he wanted to find God. The Hindu led the lad to the center of a river and held his head under the water until, almost strangled, he finally came up for air. "What did you want more than anything in all the world while under water?" asked the old man. "I wanted air," panted the youth. "When you want to find God as earnestly as you wanted air you will find him."

Fifth law of prayer: *One Must Relinquish the Wish into the Will of God.*

The only power of an *ardent wish* (fourth law) depends upon its being paired in absolute partnership with this fifth law of *relinquishment.* The Texan who was chosen to give the oral prayers

began something like this, "Old Master, I guess it's up to you to decide whether we live or not. You will have to send us food or it's all off with us. Whatever you say goes."

Sixth law of prayer: *The Prayers of Friends and Loved Ones Are Powerful in the Sight of God.* Rickenbacker's sister and mother never once gave up praying with faith that he would be found.

After these laws were put into operation, very crudely I will admit, perfectly unconsciously on the part of most of the men, for none of them claimed to know anything about "laws" of prayer, as soon as these laws were put into operation, *things began to happen.*

"If it were not that I had the evidence of seven men I would hesitate to say what I am about to say," said Rickenbacker in his report to Secretary Stimson, "for it sounds so fantastic." And what were the things that happened?

First, right after their prayer, *the sea gull landed on Rickenbacker's head.* This furnished food for them and bait to catch fish, taking care of them for several days.

Second, another day, right after prayer, a flare which was sent up to attract ships, by an odd twist landed beside the boat in a school of fish, and several fish *leaped into the boat.*

Third, a squall passed by and the wind kept blowing it away. They continued to pray and the rain came back *"against the wind"* with "majestic deliberation as though drawn by the hand of God Himself."

Fourth, when the undertow was carrying the boat away from the island, the rower, almost too weak to hold an oar, prayed for strength and hours later when they came to land the steel oars were *bent,* so great had been the pull, and yet the rower alone was too weak to even pull the oar!

This sketch does not tell all the miracles that happened. It is merely an attempt to trace in brief outline the laws underlying this twenty-one days school of prayer.

Note that the answers did not come until the last orange was gone. Isn't that just like human nature? Man does not *wholly* trust the Lord, will not step out upon His promises with all his weight, until there is no other place to turn.

Why cannot we, in the comfort of our homes, surrounded with friends, opportunities and the supply for all our needs, also step out upon the promises of God! The laws of prayer are just as powerful in the sitting room and in the office as on a rubber boat in an open sea!

An Affirmation of Faith

Walter Rauschenbusch

I AFFIRM my faith in the reality of the spiritual world, in the sacred voice of duty, in the compelling power of truth and holiness, in prayer, in the life eternal, in Him who is the Life of my life and the reality behind all things visible. I rejoice to believe in God.

I affirm my faith in the Kingdom of God and my hope in its final triumph. I determine by faith to live day by day within the higher order and the divine peace of my true fatherhood, and to carry its spirit and laws into all my dealings in the world that now is.

I make an act of love toward all fellowmen. I accept them as they are, with all their sins and failures, and declare my solidarity with them. If any have wronged or grieved me, I place my mind with the all-comprehending and all-loving mind of God, and here and now forgive. I desire to minister God's love to men and to offer no hindrance to the free flow of His love through me.

I affirm my faith in life. I call life good and not evil. I accept the limitations of my own life and believe it is possible for me to live a beautiful and Christ-like life within the conditions set for me. Through the power of Christ which descends on me, I know that I can be more than conqueror.

A CREED

General Douglas MacArthur

By profession, I am a soldier, and take pride in that fact, but I am prouder, infinitely prouder, to be a father. A soldier destroys in order to build; a father only builds, never destroys. The one has the potentialities of death; the other embodies creation and life; and while the hordes of death are mighty, the battalions of life are mightier still. It is my hope that my son, when I am gone, will remember me not from the battle, but in the home repeating with him our simple daily prayer, "Our Father, which art in Heaven."

¶ The delicate art of keeping one's eyes on the stars and one's feet on the ground.

Living in Two Worlds

Harry Emerson Fosdick

THE MYSTERY of a ship at sea keeping its course day and night through all weathers lies in the fact that it moves in two worlds. On the one side is the ship itself, the sea it rides upon, the storms that beat upon it, the fogs that encompass it, and all the unseen universe that surrounds it. But another world is there, invisible, intangible, playing with unseen magnetic fingers on the ship's compass. That is so strange a realm that for ages man did not dream that it was there at all, but now the ship keeps its course by means of it, an unseen magnetic world that guides the mariner even through the night and fog and storm.

Human life is like that. We live in two worlds. Immersed in the flesh, yet we cannot live by flesh alone but must rise into this other realm of spirit, with its faiths, its ideals, its visions of beauty and right. Here is the mystery of human nature, as of a ship, that lives in two worlds.

Even in ordinary times the profoundest problems of our lives center in this fact, but in days like these how tragic are the tensions between these two realms! Here in this immediate, factual world we see such catastrophe and brutality as will make our generation rememberable for its horror many a century from now. And yet we inhabit as well a spiritual world, with intellectual insights, with ideals of beauty and loveliness, with faiths, and friendships, and with aspirations that lay hold on God and goodness. If we could only live in one world or all in the other, we might have peace, but what tension is involved in having to live in both!

In particular, we Christians must feel this today. This present world, torn and terrible, denies everything that Christ taught and stood for. Cruel and brutal, so that we can hardly credit, though we see it, its insane iniquity, it is, as it were, an incarnate anti-Christ; and in this world, part and parcel of its grim necessities, we must live. Yet we are Christians, too. Not altogether in vain did Jesus teach in Galilee and die on Cal-

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From *Living Under Tension* by Harry Emerson Fosdick. Harper and Brothers, publishers. $1.50. By permission of the publishers.

vary. We have seen in Him and in some who have resembled Him visions of a way of life—lovely, elevating, challenging—that found in us response, so that the best in us has risen up to follow Him. If we could only live in one world or the other, all anti-Christian or all Christian, then the tension would cease, but doomed to live in both worlds at once, no wonder we are bewildered and confused. The inevitable problem that each of us faces is: How shall we manage this daily task of living in two worlds?

First of all, we cannot succeed at this task by denying the reality of that higher world. In days like these how tempted we are to try that swift and cheap solution! It is as though the world came to us in two aspects, saying, In which will you believe? On the one side is this hideous war with the inhuman horror of all its accompanying circumstance; and on the other side is the loveliness of life, its music and friendship, its family love, its dedicated search for truth, its elevated character, humane service, and hopes of universal brotherhood. What a mad world that can present itself to us in two such contradictory aspects at the same time! And always this question rises: Which of the two aspects will you take for your criterion of truth, your test of truth, the central object of your faith? Who does not know the subtle temptation in these days to relieve the tension between the two by sinking to the lower level, saying: The immediate, obsessing facts of this present world are real; nothing matters now except these; and all that higher world of faith, hope, and love that once seemed real can wait? But that is too easy and cheap a way to escape the tension.

Today is not the first time in history when mankind has faced a crisis such as this, and we have reason to be grateful for souls who in other dark eras kept alive in their devotion, despite the strain it cost, that higher world to which man could come back again when the mad days were over.

What am I pleading for—an ivory tower to escape from the appalling facts? No! Such souls as these never found in this life an ivory tower of escape, but tension—the terrific tension—between the brutal and the beautiful, the evil and the good, the actual and the possible, the temporal and the eternal; and they refused to escape that tension by surrendering the higher realm. They believed in that and kept it despite the strain it cost.

We need to take this to ourselves today. The temptation is powerful to become so obsessed with the urgent, brutal facts of the immediate world, that faith in

Christ and His way of living becomes like a lovely, inefficacious dream. But remember how that lovely dream itself started in the first place—in a world mastered by military empire and filled with the thundering tramp of Caesar's legions. There a little group of people, believing in a spiritual message, accepted the tension of living in two violently antagonistic worlds, Rome's and Christ's, and lo! it was they who in the end survived. Recall the phrase that Winston Churchill used about the Royal Air Force. Once in a while out of a war comes a perfect phrase, and that was one. Said Winston Churchill about the British airmen: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." Lift that phrase out of the dreadful setting of the war, and apply it to the early Christians. They were a very few, keeping faith in their spiritual gospel in a world that seemed utterly to deny it. Strange, how it looks now in retrospect—"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

Let us go further now to say that not only is it important for us amid these present tensions to keep the higher realm of the Christian faith and spirit intact and luminous for the world to come back to when these mad days are over, it is important that we keep it strong, steady, and operative now while these mad days are on. We need Christ now to pass judgment on our ways and to give guidance to our course.

How obsessing a war is! Nothing else seems to matter except its progress, its appalling incident, and who wins it. It fills a man's whole horizon, until anything so ideal as the Sermon on the Mount seems an ethereal irrelevance. It is as though in a storm at sea the winds and billows were so turbulent that one could think of nothing else, so that the quiet, intangible world of magnetic powers that play invisibly upon the compass needle appears feeble and negligible. But it is precisely in a great storm at sea that we most need to keep that compass needle true, that we may know whither we are going, and where we are coming out. Great tempests make that higher world of invisible power not less necessary, but more.

Alas, the wars that have been fought and won with illimitable courage and sacrifice, only to issue in disillusionment and futility! And unless now we keep vivid in our faith the spiritual verities, seeing clearly that Christ still is right, that the ethic of the Sermon on the Mount is unshaken, that only goodwill — organized goodwill—can ever cure ill will, another catastrophe awaits us, whoever wins this war. It makes

little difference who wins the war unless Christ wins the peace. Is it not the special function of the Christian church in days like these to keep clear in our devotion this higher world that war obscures? It is not the function of the church of Christ to help win a war. The church that becomes an adjunct of a War Department denies its ministry. The function of the church of Christ is to keep alive and alight this realm of spiritual judgment and guidance, so that even amid the storm of war we may not lose those faiths and values on which man's hope at last depends.

When I think of Christ I see Him on a judgment seat, sitting in sorrowful and stern condemnation on this whole warring world —aggressors, defenders, neutrals —who all together by joint guilt and refusal of His ways have involved themselves in a way of life that denies everything He stood for. The major business of a Christian minister is to keep clear the vision of Christ upon that judgment seat, above our strife, standing for a kind of life that we all have denied but to which we must come back if man is to have any hope. We must keep Him upon the judgment seat, the condemner of our joint guilt, the chastener of our unrepentant pride, the guide of our only hope.

Finally, we need this higher world of abiding spiritual power and truth that Christ revealed, for our own personal sustenance and strength. The epistle of Hebrews says about Moses: "He endured, as seeing him who is invisible." Well, granite is needed in our characters today. No softness can see this through. We must endure. But how can a man endure if all he sees is this visible, tangible, immediate, shaken, brutal world? This was the strength of the first Christians, that they lived not in one world only, but in two, and found in consequence not tension alone, but power, the vision of a world unshaken and unshakable, and so a hope that the author of the epistle to the Hebrews calls "an anchor of the soul . . . both sure and steadfast." They could endure.

Certainly, we may be grateful that we do not live now in this immediate world alone, for then the deadly whisper would inevitably arise, What's the use? Rather, as I see it, this is one of the great ages of man's history. Terrible it is, but still it is one of the great eras of all time. Generations from now our children's children will look back on what we do today. The world that once was broken into separate units, far apart, has now been woven together so that what happens anywhere happens everywhere. There is no isolation. We still are trying to carry over into this new world

the method of war that man used in the old world. It is not possible; that way is literally a dead end street. Not less but more the Christian ethic towers up, not only as true but as indispensable. We are "members one of another." If we are to be saved at all, we must be saved together. And behind that necessity stands a power greater than man—the very nature of this universe and its Eternal God. Tension there is in this two-world view, but strength also to endure.

The Artist's Secret

Olive Schreiner

THERE was an artist once, and he painted a picture. Other artists had colors richer and rarer, and painted more notable pictures. He painted his with one color, there was a wonderful red glow on it; and the people went up and down, saying, "We like the picture, we like the glow."

The other artists came and said, "Where does he get his color from?" They asked him; he smiled and said, "I cannot tell you;" and worked on with his head bent low.

And one went to the far East and bought costly pigments, and made a rare color and painted, but after a time the picture faded. Another read in the old books, and made a color rich and rare, but when he put it on the picture it was dead.

But the artist painted on. Always the work got redder and redder, and the artist grew whiter and whiter. At last one day they found him dead before his picture, and they took him up to bury him. The other men looked about in all the pots and crucibles, but they found nothing they had not.

And when they undressed him to put his grave-clothes on him, they found above his left breast the mark of a wound—it was an old wound that must have been there all his life, for the edges were old and hardened; but Death, who seals all things, had drawn the edges together, and closed it up.

And they buried him. And still the people went about saying, "Where did he find his color?"

And it came to pass that after a while the artist was forgotten—but the work lived.

From *Dreams* by Olive Schreiner, Little, Brown & Company, publishers.

¶ Always a necessity, religion is today indispensable.

Have You A Religion?

Henry James Forman

HAVE YOU a religion? If not, psychiatrists today will tell you that that is your greatest need.

Perhaps you think religion is of no use to you in this war-torn, strife-ridden "realistic" world? You are wrong. Not only theologians and divines, but scientists and psychologists, are finding every day that we cannot live successfully on earth without it—without satisfying that instinctive urge to come in contact with the God dwelling in every one of us. That contact made is religion. Unmade, it leaves us empty, lopsided and frustrated, a prey to unbalance, suffering and failure.

A young man with his wife and two young children miserably trailing was walking desperately eastward toward the river. He was bent on suicide and taking the family he had ruined with him. This man was highly intelligent and well educated and he had held excellent positions. Yet in the most opulent city in America his household goods and furniture were on the street for non-payment of rent. His pockets were empty. His wife and children were cold and hungry. In the midst of the riches of New York he had arrived at utter helplessness and hopelessness, and to his mind mass suicide was the only way out.

The little children were so cold that their mother urged that they enter Grand Central station to get warm—on the way to the river! Both her motherhood and her intuition recoiled from the desperate act to which her distraught husband was dragging them, and all her instincts fought for time.

Just before the Grand Central Station, not a hundred yards, they passed a church, glowing with soft light through colored windows, its midweek service inviting the passersby. A better place this to get warm than the railway terminal. They entered. People were giving what is called testimony experiences of what their religion had done and was doing for them, how it had lifted them out of sickness, misfortune, or despair, how it had brought them back to inward peace, back into the wholesome current

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of life and even to happiness.

The warmth, the patent sincerity of the words he heard, the glow of human beings flooded at least at that moment with the good will and unselfish love released by the sincerest gratitude, had its effect upon the clouded, tortured mind of the young husband and father, who only a few minutes earlier had seen nothing but death and extinction as the only cure for his ills. The pressure in his brain lightened.

Suddenly he rose up, and manfully, truthfully, mincing no words, he told his story. He told not only his story, but confessed also his tragic errand, and the strange, seemingly haphazard way by which he had been led to enter that particular assembly, actually his last rendezvous with hope. The audience listened, rapt, spellbound. Some of them had had like experiences, however different the individual setting and circumstances. People moved close to him. They had been powerfully moved, and eager human spirits proffered help.

It need scarcely be said that for that man and his small family trouble was at an end. Out of the lowest depths of despondency, he stepped almost by accident from grim isolation onto the broad plateau of life where human beings meet and recognize that we are all part one of another, that we are all one.

That recognition and that knowledge is the chief, if not the only, function of religion. For that young man and his family the switch had been thrown and he was once again in the full current of life.

A unique story, you say? Psychiatrists, clergymen, and some laymen who make a practice of helping people to regain their equilibrium, have records of thousands upon thousands of cases; and many, if not all the people they help, turn or return to religion.

One man I know, a highly successful business man, who had himself come through failure and despair to his present place, and has even written books recounting his transit, has set aside one day of every week in which to help others less fortunate than himself. He does not, however, confine his help to one day a week. Every day and every hour he is on the alert for opportunities to help.

Many a professional and business man today keeps some religious book, some favorite spiritual guide, locked in his desk drawer, and from time to time during the day, almost furtively, takes it up in order to change his thought, to relieve pressure, to dip into ideas that refresh and sustain and enable him to carry on without succumbing to worry and fatigue. Such men are fortunate. They have found the secret door that stands

ajar to all who would enter. The majority still struggle blindly on, ignorant of what ails them.

A certain doctor, known locally in his city as a specialist in certain chronic diseases, was limiting his success by his coldness, brusqueness, and hard manner. The patients disliked him, the nurses hated him. Treatment by him was often regarded by his patients as a worse ordeal than the disease.

Then trouble came to him, domestic trouble of the most soul-searing variety, for it came through one of his children. It seemed to him that both his career and his private life were at an end. Then, suddenly, he found within himself the irresistible need of prayer. Friends who had vainly tried for some time to turn his interest to one of the groups engaged in reviving personal religious faith as a daily activity were now, to their surprise, successful. This man went to a meeting, listened to the experiences of others, and found as a result that his entire outlook had undergone a change. He realized that notwithstanding all his work and his recent suffering, he had not yet lived at all. The greatest single curative and life-giving force available had been omitted from his practice and his existence.

At first those who came in daily contact with him could not believe that he was the same man. Formerly cold, hard, caustic, and intolerant, he now appeared as a monument of patience, inexhaustible in kindness, sympathy, and warmth. A greater field for those attributes than the field of medicine can hardly be imagined, since here pain and human suffering are the constant attendants. At any rate, the doctor's life appeared to expand and grow daily richer. He had come in contact with a Power greater than himself or his skill—with the God within him. From all over the country, and even from foreign countries, people came to him to be treated.

It is unfortunate that for most of us trouble is the usual gateway to a renewal or to the finding of religion. But in that at least the uses of adversity are inestimable. As Glenn Clark puts it in *The Soul's Sincere Desire*:

"Troubles, misfortunes, disappointments, and handicaps, if they but throw us back upon God, if they merely give us opportunity of bringing into play our God-directed imagination and our heaven-blessed sense of humor, may become converted into marvellous good fortune. For trouble, if it merely turns us to God and hence renews our strength, ceases to be evil, and becomes good; it becomes the best thing that could possibly come to us, next to God Himself."

All these individuals, you may

say, are either religious people or divines, or people religiously disposed. But it is the same with the psychiatrists and their patients. Almost every psychiatrist will tell you of persons who have come to him as cases of neuroses and psychoses, people on the edge of mental collapse, who could be cured and returned to normal life only by returning to their early or cradle religion, or adopting another religion, or creating one for themselves.

"Anyone who is truly religious," one of the foremost psychiatrists told the writer, "does not develop a neurosis—unless his religious self conflicts with his primitive nature and cannot resolve the conflict. Then he has to come to the psychiatrist. Religion seems to be necessary for most people and is certainly compatible with mental health."

Dr. Ira S. Wile, a former New York Commissioner of Education, reported: "Without being statistical, I have encouraged and helped many people to find religion—either to find their way back to the religion they knew best or to create one of their own. Many human beings, if not all, need a center for their lives, a force greater than themselves to rely on, to lean upon, to have faith in. Only recently I helped a young man make a religion for himself. As a student of science he had lost all his faith and belief in religion. Then his mother died. He had been greatly attached to her, and he became a prey to grief and worry, which affected his mind. He would never again see his mother, since, as he then believed, all ends in death."

"Why," Dr. Wile asked him, "do you no longer believe in a hereafter?"

"Because I can't prove it."

"Can you prove that there is no hereafter?"

"No," the young student was forced to admit.

"Then don't you see that even according to your so-called scientific view, the two cancel each other? You have just as sound and logical a right to believe as to disbelieve. And from every point of view it is infinitely better for you to believe."

With the clarification of his outlook the young man worked out a religion for himself which effected his cure.

Before the clergyman of today there is the stupendous task, not in the field of dogma and ceremonialism, but in his new capacity as a psychologist, to help his flock in centering their lives. His need is to help them clarify their psychic life spiritually. Many Protestant clergymen, Jung complains, are still insufficiently equipped for the urgent task. Many more, however, are better equipped now than they

were twenty years ago, or even ten years ago. Often the clergyman is still needed even after the psychiatrist gets through. "It is indeed high time," as Jung observes, "for the psychiatrist and the clergyman to join forces to meet this great spiritual task."

To a certain extent this is already happening. As Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick recently told the writer, "if I were not a clergyman I would rather be a psychiatrist than anything else." But in a measure he, as well as many another able and progressive clergyman, is a psychiatrist. He has to be, for numerous are the spiritual problems, which means largely psychic problems, presented to him by his parishioners and even by total strangers every day. As yet, however, the number of such clerics is far too small. Hence the amazing growth of creeds like Christian Science, Theosophy, New Thought, Unity, all in their various ways combining psychology with religion. And we see the phenomenon of a single church in New York, led by Dr. Emmet Fox, filling the Manhattan Opera House every Sunday with five thousand people, who no longer feel at home in their cradle religions, or who crave interpretation of religious truths in current psychological terms. The constructive side of religion is the side stressed in these new creeds. Dr. Fox's constant teaching is that the problems of security, health, and happiness are primarily inner, spiritual problems, and every human being, who "is the child of God," can solve them successfully, by the right mental attitude, the right kind of prayer, and the consciousness of God within and without.

But whether new or old, the aim and goal of religion is one: to remove barriers that keep mankind apart and prevent the formation of that brotherhood which every religious founder has urged. That is why dictators cannot tolerate religion. Their aim is to separate their own from the rest of the world, to become the only source of power and law. The founders also taught that in our individual lives religion is supremely prophylactic, really a system of warding off and healing the psychic, if not the physical, ills we are all heir to, especially under pressure. And to this, modern psychology, like a prodigal son returned, is now agreeing. We are coming to realize that with all our progress in healing and hygienes we have turned away from, or neglected, the greatest hygiene of them all. Hence the emptiness and the progressive darkening of our lives without religion.

Always a necessity, religion is today indispensable — the single hope and single way to inner peace, stability, and harmony.

A Philosophy of Life That Works

Dr. Walter Judd

THERE IS at least one thing all of us have in common—*only* one so far as I know—one life to live.

I wonder why some of us are so careless about the investment of the only lives we have. When we are going on a week-end trip, one little episode in our lives, we spend a great deal of time and thought and energy in planning that! But when it comes to deciding what we are going to do with the only lives we have—"Oh, well, something will come along some day after I get through college!" We don't sit down and study through what the world needs that we have to give, and then go and give it.

When I went to China I had certain reasons that were strong enough to make me pull up my roots here and try to transplant them over there; otherwise I wouldn't have gone. But they were arm chair convictions. Some of them were good; they still hold. Some were strengthened beyond belief. Some didn't hold. I would like to share with you six of those convictions, all of which I believed intellectually before I went to China. I thought they were true; but in the back of my mind I was afraid that perhaps they wouldn't hold. I would like to report them as I would report an experiment in the laboratory. I tried them, they work, and I pass them on.

The first one is this: *All people around the world are essentially the same.* How obvious! But a fact is not to be discounted just because it is obvious. One day, out in China, my mind played me a funny trick. You know all the faces I saw were yellow, yellow, yellow. I remember when I first came out to the Coast how strange a white skin looked. All the skins I saw were yellow skins. I didn't see myself. Everything that went through the eye-gate was yellow. One morning when I got up, I had been dreaming in Chinese. (If you talk Chinese to people all day, of course, you don't talk English to them when you meet them in your dreams!) My whole horizon was filled with Chinese. I got up and went into the washroom, and started to shave. I turned to look into the mirror and I got the funniest jolt. This white face! I had

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entirely forgotten about it.

Oh, yes, there are differences in human beings, but they are trivial compared to the essential likenesses. There are differences of color, of language, of custom; but the loves and the hates, the likes and the dislikes, the passions and desires and hungers and aspirations and sorrows and disappointments—they are all the same. I know it now. Simple, trite, obvious, yes,—but if we believed it we would have to do differently. That is the first great certainty growing out of my work in China.

Second, *in a world whose peoples are all essentially the same, and where we are all so closely knit together, we all stand or fall together.*

Let me say it in another way. America, my own beloved country, cannot save her body, her material civilization, her standard of living, to say nothing of saving her soul, so long as the rest of the world lies prostrate.

We have a peace problem; I am concerned about it and you are concerned about it. It takes two nations to make a peace. One can make war. Is it enough to change the attitude and heart of just one? Will a treaty of peace ever be more than a "scrap of paper" unless both nations that enter into it enter with good faith and with changed hearts?

We have a race problem. It takes two races to make a race problem. Is it enough to change the attitude of one? Can we ignore the other?

What occupies almost our whole attention in America today? Economic problems! Can the American employer pay the wages American labor must have if it is to maintain its standard of living and meet competition of foreign labor? Either their standard of living must come up much nearer ours or ours will go down much nearer theirs. I was not out in China for this reason; but if I had no other reason, this one would be enough to send me there,—to help solve America's economic problems, her labor problems, by bettering labor conditions and raising standards of living in the Orient. We cannot live by ourselves alone. We cannot solve any of our own problems apart from the rest of the world.

The third great conviction I have is that *there is no solution for any of these problems, at home or abroad, except in men.* If we go to disarmament conferences with men of less than Christian character and good will, let's not take a hypodermic of morphine and think we have really accomplished something, when we probably haven't. It is because I want peace that I feel it would be better for the world if we stopped deluding ourselves about any of

these things that are done by men who are less than thoroughly Christian men in their politics as in their private lives.

One day I was reading a Chinese classic with my teacher, and I came across this, written hundreds of years ago by one of her great scholars:

"If you are going to plan for one year, plant grain; if you are going to plan for ten years, plant trees; if you are going to plan for one hundred years, plant men."

There is no hope except in men, and no way of building men of character adequate for the task save as they are introduced to and follow Jesus Christ. I believed that before. I am dead sure of it now.

And then the fourth conviction that I want to share with you is just this, *that the way of love works*. That is another thing I hoped was true. I believed before I went that it was true, but I was afraid that perhaps in a pinch it wouldn't work.

Let me tell you of an experience. I had my forty-fourth attack of malignant malaria. It was the worst. I had taken quinine for years but I got to the place where I couldn't develop adequate resistance to the malaria. I had run out of the good quinine I had been using. The malaria got a head start on me.

Then word came that the Nanking troops were being sent down to take over the district, and the bandit group there would be driven out. Everyone knew what would happen. The bandits would take me and hold me for ransom, because they needed a doctor and they needed money. They would take my little native trained nurse. She is the best trained and most attractive girl in the whole district, and she and the other women would have fates worse than death. They would take all the people of the city who had money, to hold them for ransom until the families scraped up every copper they could get to buy their freedom.

At two o'clock on the afternoon before New Year's Day, came a secretary from the bandit headquarters. He was a very good friend of mine but he had no influence. He said, "Doctor, we are going to leave tonight. They are going to take you. I heard them talking about it. And they are going to take women, take people for ransom, and loot the city tonight." But at seven o'clock, last New Year's Eve, Lu Hsin Ming himself came into my dispensary, sat down and without the usual preliminaries said, "Dr. Judd, we are leaving tonight. I was going to take you along, as you know. I am not going to do it now. You have been fair with us and have taken care of us in the hospital here, and I know you are not get-

ting any money out of it. I don't see why you do it. You have been sick yourself. If you have to live the way we will have to live, up on the hills in the middle of the winter, you wouldn't last long. I know it. Hence I am not going to take you. How much do we owe the hospital?"

He paid the Hospital $170.00 and went out. In the middle of the night, at two o'clock, when the shops were all closed, so that his men couldn't loot and he could control them better, he left. He took not a man or woman as captives.

I could think of only one thing as he sat there, Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven." It had been after him. He couldn't do what he had planned. Something had happened to Lu Hsin Ming! He could not do it. If God can change the heart of such a man, he can change anybody. The way of love works.

That brings me to the next great conviction. *The way of love works; yes, but the way of love is the way to the cross.* It leads to a cross. It can't stop short of a cross. If it stops short of a cross, it isn't the way of love.

If Jesus Christ, my Lord and yours, if He, with the winsomeness of the Son of God, was not able to break down the intractable in human hearts by just preaching and teaching and healing, and living and loving and sharing, is it probable that *you* will be able to, or that *I* will be able to, by those methods? I don't like it, but I am dead sure now there is no other way for the Kingdom to come, except by the way of the cross.

Does that mean just physical death? Oh, no. Don't be afraid of that. It *will* mean death for a little handful, but that is relatively easy. It means for more of you this: that those of you who might become rich will deliberately choose to remain poor for the sake of the Kingdom; that those of you who would enjoy the thrills of wielding great power in industrial or institutional or political life will deliberately choose to remain in humble and unknown positions for the sake of the Kingdom.

Why does God demand these things of us? Because He wants to make us unhappy? No. Because He wants to make us happy! He wants to give us an abundant life; and we insist on keeping less than abundant life. He wants to give us gold; and we insist on keeping our brass. He wants us to see the angel vision over our heads; and we won't take our eyes off the muck heap.

The way of love works. But the way of love is the way of the cross. It brings not necessarily personal safety; it more often brings danger. But it works in that it

transforms the lives of those among whom it is practiced.

And then I bear this final testimony, the last great certainty, *that our Father gives adequate strength for every need.* When I went to China, I had in my heart this promise of Christ: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And it is true. I was afraid maybe it wouldn't be true, but it is. How can we do the things He asks of us? No man can in his own strength. But Christ promised, "Ye shall receive power." It is true. I can't explain it all. No, I can't explain how some of the food I ate tonight for supper becomes brains, some blood, some bone. There is no chemist or physiologist in the world who knows all that in detail. If there were he would be the greatest chemist the world has ever known. But I haven't stopped eating just because I can't explain it all! Even so, I cannot explain this. It is not in the realm of explanation, yet. It isn't in the realm of logical proof. It *is* in the realm of demonstration, and it works.

The way of love. It works, but it is the way of the cross. It just can't stop short of the cross. But let no man fear, let no man hesitate.

I am not lying to you. If I told you something I don't believe with all my heart, or that I hadn't demonstrated to be true, I would be the most despicable cur in this country. But, before God, I am not lying. It works. It holds. It is true. Not loyalty to a principle, an abstract principle; loyalty to a living Christ who walks with you. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." It is true. Do not be afraid.

LOOK TO THIS DAY!

Look to this day!
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the varieties and realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth;
The glory of action;
The splendor of beauty;
For yesterday is already a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision;
But today, well lived, makes every yesterday
A dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such is the salutation of the dawn!

—From the Sanscrit.

¶ This classic on Love deserves to rank with Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World."

The Practice of the Love of God

Kenneth Boulding

GOD IS LOVE. How do you respond to these three words? Perhaps they bring a faint smile of derision to your face, as you recall the pious phrases of Sunday School, or the plush-embroidered text that hung over Grandmother's bed. Perhaps they represent something dim that you think you have outgrown as you have advanced into the bright intellectualism of a scientific day. Perhaps they cover you with a warm, safe feeling, perfumed with the scent of red cushions and worn benches, and lit with the gentle light that flows from the smile of a well-fed worshipper. Perhaps they lead you into a comfortable corner of your soul, well insulated from the chilly world of rational thought, where you secretly indulge in spiritual drinking. If any one of these conditions is yours, then you have missed a treasure. For to some these words are a key to a Kingdom, a Kingdom where Truth reigns in so great a majesty that we can hardly bear the splendour, where life springs, born again from every moment of time, and where a rich joy compounded of bitter spices scents every breath we breathe.

We are not sent into this world to walk in its solitude. We are born to love, as we are born to breathe and eat and drink. As we grow we learn to love more and more: first ourselves; then the family within the small kingdom of the home; then the school, the wider circle of friends, the home community, the college, and the still wider community of the nation; and finally, the greatest country of all, which has no boundaries this side of Hell, and perhaps not even there. In some this process of enlargement is arrested at an intermediate stage, and then love turns in upon itself and becomes sour. Some have never truly loved anything but themselves—perhaps because their first outreachings were received with coldness and lack of sympathy—and then love quickly turns putrid, and becomes greed, and lust, and turns even to self-disgust. Some confine their love

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to the narrow limits of the family, and then love decays into sentimentality, or hardens into indifference. The couple that are wrapped up in themselves soon find the parcel uncomfortably tight; the mother who pours out her love on her child till both are smothered in a cocoon of sentiment soon tastes the bitter worm of ingratitude and ruins the very object of her love.

And the present day provides us with the awful spectacle of what an ingrown love of country can do, what fanatical hatreds and cruelties it can engender, and how again it can destroy the very object of its love.

There is no resting place for expanding love short of God and His whole kingdom. If our love ceases to expand, it will perish, as a tree planted in a narrow pot must perish if it does not break the vessel that confines it. But this is the mystery of love: that as it grows to wider and wider objects, the narrower loves are not made less, but are made more perfect. The family which reaches out beyond itself in all manner of community concerns does not thereby lose the love that flows within its sacred circle; rather does it purify and intensify that love. And though the world is slow to recognize it, the love of country is not destroyed by the love of a greater Kingdom, but rather is purified and strengthened thereby. Love itself is a widow's cruse, for the more its fragrant oil is poured forth, the fuller flows the stream.

Let us not be ashamed of love. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that for so great a thing we have to use a word so smeared by mishandling. There is a melancholy Gresham's law of language by which bad meanings drive out the good, and just as the good word "charity" became tainted with the fetid odour of the poorhouse, so even "love" has come to reek of stale emotion and cheap scent.

Let us not be afraid because love is an emotion. There is a strange heresy abroad at the present time, that things intellectual are good, and things emotional are bad. Because some emotional experiences are shallow and unreal, we too hastily condemn the whole gamut. We do not condemn mathematics because a schoolboy makes a mistake in his algebra, nor should we condemn emotion because a schoolgirl titters at the sight of a man. So in the religious world we should not condemn the deep stirrings of the love of God in the soul because of the riotous conduct of the Holy Rollers. It is our duty to seek emotional truth, as it is to seek intellectual truth, and indeed as we seek them we shall find that they are not two truths, but one.

If we waste our love on unworthy objects, or devote to an

object an inappropriate kind of love, we ourselves are weakened. It is of the utmost importance that our greatest love should be devoted to God, and that all our other loves should be subordinated to our love for Him. Only as we love Him with our whole heart, and mind, and strength do we find all other objects of love taking their proper place, and as we love Him we find too that our other loves take on His quality and shine with ever brighter lustre. How can we love God, whom we have not seen? Who is this God who so jealously commands our adoration? It is extremely unfashionable, especially in university circles, to think of God in personal terms. Consequently we wander off into all manner of vague phrases and analogies: Spiritual Forces, Wills, Powers, World-Souls, Hidden Dynamos and the like, in a desperate attempt to avoid the simplest, most beautiful, and most penetrating analogy of all: that of the Father who is known through His children. Once we recognize that all analogies, all words, all symbols express less than the truth, once we acknowledge that God is greater than anything that we know or can say, surely we shall not be afraid to think of Him as a person. For the way to God is through mutual love, not through abstract metaphysics, and mutual love is a relationship of persons.

Not more than one or two people in this whole continent knew my father, who lived all his life in England. Yet anyone who knows me knows something of what my father was like, for I resemble him in many respects. So we may look into ourselves, and into the faces of our friends, and find there evidence of a heavenly paternity, stained and adulterated with the clay of this earth, but nevertheless stamped with a heavenly form. We have a strange faculty of *recognition* of that which is God-like. We know that we are not pure, elemental beings, but are compounded, a mixture of earth and heaven, of temporal and eternal, of mortal and immortal. "Mind that which is pure in you to guide you to God," says John Fox.

But it isn't enough to look merely within ourselves. The God who is to be the object of our highest love cannot be a fragmentary part, however deep, of our own little personalities. "That which is pure within us" is not so much God Himself, as His family likeness printed in us. The God whom we love and worship is not a figment of our personal imagination but is the Father of the whole universe. We seek Him, therefore, not only in ourselves, but in His other children. In a large family some are more, and some are less, like the father, and so in the world of men

we see a better likeness of our other Father in some than in others.

Nor should we confine ourselves to our own times. In the records and writings of the saints there is a great treasure of coins minted fresh from the golden fires of the King's treasury. Read Woolman, Fox, and Pennington; go further afield and dwell with Brother Lawrence and St. Francis; go back further, to Augustine and to Paul; read the Epistles as if they were written yesterday — as in God's time they were—and see the Lord wrestling with a day even more terrible than ours.

And then, when we have finished with the saints, we find that we have one testimony, that brightly as the light of God shines in their faces, there is one greater than they: an elder brother, so like indeed to his father that they can hardly be told apart. "There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition," came the Word to Fox; "and when I heard it, my heart did leap for joy." We return, after wandering in many a spiritual wilderness, to the Gospels, and find there a Christ within who answers to the Christ without, a spirit so full of life and power and truth that as we walk with Him we come to know the Father of us all. As we follow Him in His ministry, in His teachings, parables and actions, so simple that a child can understand them, yet so profound that the wisest philosopher often but confuses their meanings, something in us goes out to something in Him, in a strange electric spark of recognition.

Whatever doubts the higher criticism may cast upon the details of the gospel story, its historic and spiritual truth speaks to the Christ within us, for Christ is risen not only in the Jerusalem of Caesar's empire, but in the heart of everyone who comes by suffering and love into fellowship with creation. These days are teaching us what in the fat days of the past we had forgotten—that creation comes not by wishing, not by easy words or polite formulas, but by agonizing love and blessed suffering. So a child is born, so a poem is written, so the Kingdom of Heaven is founded, and by no other means. To share in creation, this indeed is to be a child of God, for as we love and suffer ourselves, so we share in the love and suffering of God, and so we come to know Him and to love Him.

Brother Lawrence gives us this extraordinary account of his conversion: "That in the winter, seeing a tree stripped of its leaves, and considering that within a little time the leaves would be renewed, and that the flowers and fruit appear, he received a high view of the Providence and Power of God

which has never since been effaced from his soul. That this view had set him perfectly loose from the world, and had kindled in him such a love of God, that he could not tell whether it had increased in above forty years that he had lived since." If, with Brother Lawrence, we could really see a tree, in all its intricate relationships with the whole of creation, we should indeed see God and be inflamed with love for Him.

Let us not be ashamed of the love of God. We have made of our religion a holy relic, to be kept in a discreet plain box, brought out perhaps to be dusted on Sunday morning, but never to be exhibited to the unfriendly gaze and polite laughter of the world. But relics decay, and soon our box will be empty. But God's love will spring up again as a flower comes up in the spring, fresh and sweet-smelling. If we are awake and sensitive it will spring up, alive and gay, out of the dust of our own hearts, through the matted growth of our intellectual pride and worldly riches.

I have a vision for the world. I see a band of men and women going out unto all people, preaching this splendid news of God's love by word and deed, using all the resources of their minds, and of the knowledge of our day, but speaking principally to the spiritual hunger that grips the hearts of men everywhere. I see them preaching fearlessly — "Love God more than your country, more than your class, more than your race, more than your creed." They shall absorb the world's hate and anger into their own bodies, and will give none in return, so that the streams of hatred that fly around the world, bounding and rebounding from the flinty surfaces of unredeemed souls, will dwindle and pass away. I see the hardness melting from men's souls, a new and eager look brightening in their eyes, a dissolving of old hates, a coming together in joyful unity.

Let us not despair of the world. It is God's world, and He has made it for Himself, as He has made us. God is always redeeming His world, in ways that we often do not recognize, and out of the very depth of the misery of our time there will come a reawakening of His love in the hearts of millions of His prodigal children, a new springtime to the weary earth. Let us press forward to that time; let us do more, let us anticipate it in our own lives, secure even in the midst of destruction, secure in the persuasion that whatever may happen to us, "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The Song of Our Syrian Guest

By William Allen Knight

SALUTATION

THREE months have gone by since this little child of my heart went out into the world, a strayling in the scanty dress of a booklet. In that time many thousands have looked kindly on the little wanderer and welcomed it into their homes. Letters from everywhere have come in, saying in effect: "It came to my door yesterday, and its voice has been sweet to me, and I am glad to have it stay with me." For all this I am thankful. But it is hard to realize that the small circle of those who loved this story a few months ago has grown now to a multitude.

Surely none of us ought to be surprised that our story has itself grown under all this kindness, after the manner of children. Indeed, as we are sending it forth newly clothed, I find that it is larger by half than when I last prepared it for journeying.

I am set to wondering whether it will not grow quite away from me and have a life of its own. Healthy children do that very thing usually, and wise parents are willing to have it so.

But I cannot cease to remember that this story is out of my own life. It lay in my heart unborn for long. It came forth in a time of shock and pain. There is One who knows why its face is unmarred and bright with the light of trust. I think God has let it speak to so many hearts for this reason.

Go then, little story; be bearer of thy message of cheer and glad restfulness. I cannot follow thee into lives that need to hear thy voice; but speak thou to them, and I shall be content.

(Boston, January, 1904.)

THE SONG OF THE SYRIAN GUEST

He was a man of winsome mind, this Syrian guest of ours, and the spirituality of his culture was as marked as the refinement of his manners. We shall remember him for the tales told that evening of his home in Ainzehalta on the slope of the Syrian mountains, but longest of all for what he said out of the memories of his youth about a shepherd song.

From *The Song of Our Syrian Guest* by William Allen Knight. The Pilgrim Press, publishers. By permission of the publishers.

"It was out of the shepherd life of my country," he remarked, "that there came long ago that sweetest religious song ever written — the Twenty-third Psalm." With softly modulated voice that had the rhythm of music and the hush of veneration in it, he quoted: "'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.' There is the opening strain of its music; in that chord is sounded the keynote which is never lost till the plaintive melody dies away at the song's end. All that follows is that thought put in varying light."

He talked of how the varied needs of the sheep and the many-sided care of the shepherd are pictured with masterly touch in the short sentences of the psalm.

"Each is distinct and adds something too precious to be merged and lost," he said. "'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,' —nourishment, rest. 'He leadeth me beside the still waters,'—the scene changes and so does the meaning. You think here of quietly flowing streams; so you get one more picture of rest; but you miss one of the finest scenes in shepherd life and one of the rarest blessings of the soul that is led of God. All through the day's roaming the shepherd keeps one thing in mind. He must lead his flock to a drinking-place. The refreshment of good water makes the coveted hour of all the day; the spot where it is found amid the rough, waterless hills and plains is the crowning token of the shepherd's unfailing thoughtfulness. When at last the sheep are led 'beside the still waters,' how good it is, after the dust and heat of the sheep-walks!

"Would you get the shepherd meaning here? Then remember that streams are few in the shepherd country of Bible lands. The shepherds do not rely on them. Even where streams are found, their beds and banks are usually broken and their flow rough. Sheep are timid and fear a current of water, as well they may, for they are easily carried down stream because of their wool.

"There are wells and fountains all through the vast region where the flocks roam, and in some parts there are cisterns, though the sheep like the living water best. The shepherds know where these drinking-places are all through the treeless country where streams are few. It is a fine sight to see the shepherds bring their flocks 'beside the still waters' at some well or fountain, while the wide, silent country over which they and many other sheep have wandered, spreads all around them, and the full expanse of the sky arches over them.

"The shepherd makes a certain sound; all his sheep lie down and are quiet. Then he fills the drinking troughs. The bubbling of the

fountain, if it be by a stream, is no longer there to trouble the sheep. They can drink undisturbed. This is the delicate meaning of that word 'still.' As the Hebrew put it, 'He leadeth beside the waters of quietness.'

"Then the waiting sheep hear a whistle or a call. They never misunderstand; they know their shepherd's voice and never respond to the wrong shepherd if several flocks have come up together. And strangest of all, the sheep come up by groups; the shepherd makes them understand. So in groups he leads them until they stand 'beside the still waters.' And, oh, how they drink, with the shepherd standing near!

"But I must tell you one more scene that comes to my memory whenever I read the words, 'he leadeth me beside the still waters.' It would make a beautiful picture if someone would paint it. Up in the mountains of Lebanon, where my kinsmen have long been shepherds, often there are no regular drinking places, such as the wells and fountains on the plains. But as the shepherd leads his sheep over the rough slopes he finds many a spring and sees its rivulet running down a crevice. His sheep need water. They cannot drink from the leaping little stream. What does he do? He finds a suitable turn or nook in its course; he walls it up with a little dam and so holds the water till it forms a quiet pool. Then, right there on the open hills, he leads his sheep 'beside the still waters.' I know of nothing more fit to picture the Shepherd's care of souls that trust him than that scene up there on the mountainside.

"'He restoreth my soul.' You know that soul means the life or one's self in the Hebrew writings. There are perilous places for the sheep on all sides, and they seem never to learn to avoid them. The shepherd must ever be on the watch. And there are private fields and sometimes gardens and vineyards here and there in the shepherd country; if the sheep stray into them and are caught there they are forfeited to the owner of the land. So, 'restoreth my soul' means, 'The shepherd brings me back and rescues me from fatal and forbidden places.'

"'He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.' Often have I roamed through the shepherd country in my youth and seen how hard it is to choose the right path for the sheep; one leads to a precipice, another to a place where the sheep cannot find the way back; and the shepherd is always ahead, 'leading' them in the right paths, proud of his good name as a shepherd.

"Some paths that are right paths still lead through places that have deadly perils. 'Yes, though I walk

through the valley of the shadow of death,' is the way the psalm touches this fact in shepherd life. This way of naming the valley is very true to our country. I remember one near my home called 'the valley of robbers,' and another, 'the ravine of the raven.' You see 'the valley of the shadow of death' is a name drawn from my country's old custom.

"'For thou art with me.' Ah, how could more be put into a few words! With the sheep, it matters not what the surroundings are, nor how great the perils and hardships; if only the shepherd is with them, they are content. There is no finer picture of the way of peace for the troubled in all the world.

"To show how much the presence of the shepherd counts for the welfare of the sheep I can think of nothing better than the strange thing I now tell you. It is quite beyond the usual, daily care on which the flock depends so fondly. But I have seen it more than once. Sometimes, in spite of all the care of the shepherd and his dogs, a wolf will get into the very midst of the flock. The sheep are wild with fright. They run and leap and make it impossible to get at the foe in their midst, who at that very moment may be fastening his teeth in the throat of a helpless member of the flock. But the shepherd is with them. He knows what to do even at such a time. He leaps to a rock or a hillock that he may be seen and heard. Then he lifts his voice in a long call, something like a wolf's cry: 'Ooh! Ooh!'

"On hearing this, the sheep remember the shepherd; they heed his voice; and, strange to tell, the poor, timid creatures, which were helpless with terror before, instantly rush with all their strength into a solid mass. The pressure is irresistible; the wolf is overcome; frequently he is crushed to death, while the shepherd stands there on the rock crying, 'Ooh! ooh!' 'I fear no evil, for thou are with me.'

"'Thy rod and thy staff'—this also is true to life; the double expression covers the whole round of protecting care. For the shepherds carry a crook for guiding the sheep and a weapon suitable for defending them, the rod and the staff; one for aiding them in places of need along peaceful ways, the other for defense in perils of robbers and wild beasts. This saying describes with the ease of mastery how much those words mean, 'Thou art with me.'

"'And what shall I say of the next words? 'Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.' Ah, madam, you should see the sheep cuddle near the shepherd to understand that word, 'they comfort me.' The shepherd's call 'Ta-a-a-a, ho-o-o,' and the answering patter

of feet as the sheep hurry to him, are fit sounds to be chosen out of the noisy world to show what comfort God gives to souls that heed His voice; and those sounds have been heard in my country this day as they were the day this shepherd psalm was written!" He sat in silence a moment musing as if the sound were in his ear.

" 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.' In the same hushed voice in which he quoted these words he added: 'Ah, to think that the shepherd's highest skill and heroism should be lost to view as the psalm begins to sing of it, and only an indoor banquet thought of!' Again he sat a little time in quiet. Then he said:

"The word for table here means simply 'something spread out' and so a prepared meal, however it is set forth. There is no higher task of the shepherd in my country than to go from time to time to study places and examine the grass and find a good and safe feeding-place for his sheep. All his skill and often great heroism are called for. There are many poisonous plants in the grass and the shepherd must find and avoid them. The sheep will not eat certain poisonous things, but there are some which they will eat, one kind of poisonous grass in particular. A cousin of mine once lost three hundred sheep by a mistake in selecting the right pasturage.

"Then there are snake holes in some kinds of ground, and, if they be not driven away, the snakes bite the noses of the sheep. The shepherd sometimes burns the fat of hogs along the ground to do this. Sometimes the shepherd finds ground where moles have worked their holes just under the surface. Snakes lie in these holes with their heads sticking up ready to bite the grazing sheep. The shepherds know how to drive them away as they go along ahead of the sheep.

"And around the feeding-ground which the shepherd thus prepares, in holes and caves in the hillsides there are jackals, wolves, hyenas, and panthers, too, and the bravery and skill of the shepherd are at the highest point in closing up these dens with stones or slaying the wild beasts with his long-bladed knife. Of nothing do you hear shepherds boasting more proudly than of their achievements in this part of the care of flocks.

"And, now," he exclaimed with a beaming countenance and suppressed feeling, as if pleading for recognition of the lone shepherd's bravest act of devotion to his sheep, "and now do you not see the shepherd figure in that quaint line, 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies' "?

"Yes," I answered, "and I see that God's care of a man out in

the world is a grander thought than that of seating him at an indoor banquet-table. But what about anointing the head with oil and the cup running over? Go on, my friend."

"Oh, there begins the beautiful picture at the end of the day. The psalm has sung of the whole round of the day's wandering, all the needs of the sheep, all the care of the shepherd. Now the psalm closes with the last scene of the day. At the door of the sheepfold the shepherd stands and the 'rodding of the sheep' takes place. The shepherd stands, turning his body to let the sheep pass; he is the door, as Christ said of himself. With his rod he holds back the sheep while he inspects them one by one as they pass into the fold. He has the horn filled with olive oil and has cedar tar, and he anoints a knee bruised on the rocks or a side scratched by thorns. And here comes one that is not bruised but is simply worn and exhausted; he bathes its face and head with the refreshing olive oil and he takes the large two-handled cup and dips it brimming full from the vessel of water provided for that purpose, and he lets the weary sheep drink.

"There is nothing finer in the psalm than this. God's care is not for the wounded only, but for the worn and weary also. 'Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.'

"And then, when the day is done and the sheep are snug within the fold, what contentment, what rest under the starry sky! Then comes the thought of deepest repose and comfort: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,' as they have through all the wanderings of the day now ended.

"The song dies away as the heart that God has watched and tended breathes this grateful vow before the roaming of the day is forgotten in sleep: 'I will'—not shall but will; for it is a decision, a settled purpose, a holy vow—'I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' And the song ends, and the sheep are at rest, safe in the good shepherd's fold."

Do you wonder that ever since that night, we have called this psalm The Song of Our Syrian Guest?

Home is a place you somehow don't have to deserve.
—Robert Frost: *The Hired Man.*

Lord, I shall be verie busie this day; I may forget Thee, but doe Thou not forget me!—Prayer of Gen. Sir Jacob Astley before the Battle of Edgehill, 17th century.

¶ The spiritual evolution of a lad whose poem has lifted thousands.

Sunward I've Climbed

Hermann Hagedorn

ONE GREAT poem has come out of this war. It was written by a boy of nineteen, John Magee. Hermann Hagedorn, who has written a biography of this boy entitled Sunward I've Climbed, *tells of another poem John wrote when only seventeen, which won the Rugby prize. In this poem he forecast this war:*

"Men's fates are already set.
There is no need of asking fortune tellers.
They will have brought this evil on themselves.
For here are a million people, surly with traffic,
Each with his hereditary power of instability,
Each on his way to become a commercial corsair,
Each with his fill of hollow aspirations,
Competing with one another in the tawdry
Glitter and speed of machines—mechanical mania—
Unable in the supervening blankness
Of middle age to sift the good from evil,
Taking it all as one—their only dread,
Unpopularity and social inconsequence . . .
These need a cleansing, some all-purging tempest
To shake the stagnant pool of their convictions,
Leaving them with fresh hopes, as after a nightmare,
For then the strange night-wonder will be upon them.
These will stare as dream-awakened men in wonder."

His spiritual evolution is so characteristic of many brilliant adolescents, that it is pictured here:

His religious views were feeling the effects of the cynical scepticism which he found among both the intellectuals and the socially elect. Like most schools, and practically every college, Avon had its professional sceptic, taking pleasure in circumventing the orthodox. He

From *Sunward I've Climbed* by Hermann Hagedorn. The Macmillan Company, publishers. 1942. $1.75. By permission of the publishers.

The portions in italics are by the Editor.

admired the keen-witted boy from Rugby and, with the aim of liberating him from what seemed to the elder the shackles of cant and superstition, led him to books that might be depended on to make the boy's inherited faith ridiculous to his eyes. Mature as he was, John was not mature enough to appreciate how tawdry the cynic's brilliant mockery was beside the selfless searching and impassioned aspiration of the English friends who had been an inspiration to him the year before. John was snared by the cleverness, confusing religiosity with religion, historical authenticity with the deeper issues of the individual's relation to Deity; and experienced, from one day to the next, something like a Salvation Army conversion, in reverse.

"John was profoundly interested in philosophic and religious views of man and his relation to the universe," the sceptic wrote subsequently, "and the Goethean expression, which *Faust* is, enchanted his mind. He was much interested in the law of persistency in one's own being amid the universe of action. He liked the idea of cosmic dynamism to be found basically in Goethe and with it the idea of strife within the conflict. John fitted no orthodox pattern. If he was considered to be something of a rebel, it was because he thought for himself and had the integrity to act out his thoughts. He enjoyed, as Emerson urges one to enjoy, an original relation with the universe. He was interested hospitably in the creeds and dogmas of others. but he did not allow them to become straitjackets to his own honest thinking. I know that John was accused by some of being irreligious, but that was because he was interested in religion, and was not particularly interested in being sectarianized or even Christianized."

He was not merely interested in religion, he was obsessed by it. He had been confirmed in the Church of England in the middle of his Rugby course and the experience had stirred him, but discussions of Plato's Phaedo and Lucretius' De Rerum Natura, with liberal doses of Bertrand Russell thrown in, had convinced him that he was harboring a faith that was incompatible with his intelligence.

At intervals, his thoughtful and sensitive new friend Larry Viles would come to his room after the lights were out, and they would talk about religion, occasionally until four in the morning. Both had drifted away from their inherited spiritual moorings, both felt the pull of the *Erdgeist,* the exaltation of the physical, of the body, of sex, of food, of the beauty of form and sound. Larry was conscious in his friend of an intellectual honesty to which conform-

ity, for the sake of peace or ease, was the ultimate sin. Yet both recognized that faith was necessary to man. Faith and reason, reason and faith, how could you keep them in equilibrium to make the intelligent life?

So they questioned back and forth. There was something rare in this wistful effort of two boys to make their way toward an acceptable philosophy. At seventeen, both had already gone beyond the stage of mere revolt against their Christian background to the recognition that not Christianity or their elders but they themselves might be wrong, indeed probably were wrong. Yet to accept any philosophy, without fighting through doubt and darkness to achieve it, seemed base, as base as tearing down another's faith.

So, in the night watches, while their fellows were sleeping the iron sleep of boyhood, they groped their way towards something they could build their lives upon. There was a Power, call it what you might. But was it wholly good? Was it not both good and evil? And man, what was he? Was he more than a highly advanced form of plant life? And immortality? Was not continued life after death the ultimate instance of wishful thinking? Yet Christianity demanded faith in immortality. How then could they accept Christianity? Yet, in a theme on Plato's Phaedo, John wrote: "Socrates goes to his death in the calm and absolute belief of life to come; and if he, the wisest of all philosophers, believed so, I would deem myself most foolish to believe otherwise."

Instead of entering Yale, young Magee joined the Canadian Royal Air Force. Here he was in his element. Here he was sincerely happy. One day he rode high into the sky:

At thirty thousand feet, the mounting exhilaration of his spirit blew off in singing words. His heart was singing, and his mind, too. A sonnet was being born, that should paint the picture of himself, John Magee. The flier grounded the plane. He wrote the poem on the back of a letter to his father and mother in America: "I thought it might interest you." A boy's votive candle on the high altar. Exultant, beautiful words, but words only. Winsome as all youth is winsome, when it forgets itself and reaches clean, bright hands to the God it hopes but is not sure exists. But what is fragile loveliness in the midst of an epochal struggle for mastery? A bird's feather floating down in No Man's Land.

Over the training field the planes soar, dip and tumble. A plane crashes out of a cloud. Two planes, two gallant youths, crash. Yes, he has "slipped the surly bonds of earth."

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds,—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle flew—
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

And the sonnet?

The sparkling words have suddenly become something else. They are not words at all anymore. They are a life, a gallant, gifted, laughing life, offered for freedom. They are more. They are youth everywhere, slipping the "surly bonds" of egocentric living, soaring up from a world where money, pleasure, a career, living one's own life, are important, into a broader, cleaner atmosphere of self-surrender and self-giving, and a freedom beyond any earthly freedom, with eternity no farther away than the outstretched hand.

The inspired words are all this. And they are yet more. They are hearts throughout the world, hungering, too, to "slip the surly bonds of earth," climb sunward, "where never lark, or even eagle flew," and, amid ruin and impending ruin, touch the face of God.

The Kalends

I spoke a word,
And no one heard;
I wrote a word,
And no one cared,
Or seemed to heed;
But after half a score of years
It blossomed in a fragrant deed.
Preachers and teachers all are we,
Sowers of seed unconsciously.
Our hearers are beyond our ken,
Yet all we give may come again
With usury of joy and pain.
We never know
To what one little word may grow.
See to it, then, that all your seeds
Be such as bring forth noble deeds.

—From *The Builder,* Corbin, Ky.

¶ Are the violins of our soul in tune?

Tuning In

By Otto Tod Mallery

A GOOD violinist is always exactly in tune. His ear detects the slightest variation which his finger instantaneously corrects. A pianist plays in tune because his whole instrument was tuned by another before he began to play.

Almost no one is like the pianist in having his whole instrument put in tune for him by the Great Tuner without any effort on his part. Most of us have to learn like the violinist how to tune ourselves and how to keep exactly on the true notes of life and beauty.

The Great Tuner gave Christ an instrument perfectly in tune with the vibrations of heaven, but even the saints have had to tune themselves early and often. After long practice in tuning, some rare spirits like Socrates, Emerson, and Gandhi use their instruments with faith that the Great Tuner has already done His work.

Are some of us like witch-hazel branches — divining rods which quiver in the presence of the Unseen? Or are things just reversed? Do we find God, or does God, divining us, tune us in?

Some find in a garden of roses a beauty that heightens their vibrations so that they can reach the highest notes. Others need to stand on a rock-bound coast, where mighty waves break rhythmically in scintillating capes of spray, before the strength of God and of their own faith is clear to them. On trackless snow amid deepest silence others find a more complete integration. When the hands of lovers meet, when the warm course of affection flows through their veins, the inner meaning of life is revealed.

Friends may aspire to the revelations more often reserved for lovers. When my friend understands my halting description of that which has touched me deeply, my experience is enhanced by his sharing. Socrates said, "If a man sees a thing when he is alone, he goes about straightway seeking until he finds someone to whom he may show his discoveries and who may confirm him in them." A friend is needed to confirm the bliss of awareness. So an unfold-

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Otto Mallery is the author of *Economic Union and Durable Peace,* $2.00, issued this month by Harper's; it presents the best plan for solving the economic issues after the war.

ing rose is more beautiful when watched with a friend. When two stand upon a rock-bound coast and together see the gulls sweeping above the crested waves, the gulls and waves seem more beautiful.

Rockwell Kent says, "It is for Michelangelo to discover, as though for the first time, how beautiful God's Adam was. And it remains for all of us, forever, to discover, as though for the first time, how beautiful the sunrise is, and the moon and night, and plain and mountain, land and sea, and man and woman: How beautiful life is!"

So, we may all be discoverers and tuners in, alone and together.

WINNING THE PEACE

William Hiram Foulkes

Who wins the war, may lose the peace, unless
He plans, in faith, a better world to build
Out of the wreckage which the earth has filled;
The stagg'ring cost in blood and wealth, the stress
And strain of dislocated life, confess
The world's sad bankruptcy, when peace is killed
By tyranny, which seeks, by might, self-willed,
To rule the world, to curse and not to bless.

The blasted soil must once again be tilled;
In art and industry, in home and school,
In church and state, the world its weal must find;
In vast, creative, social science skilled.
Mankind must learn, by heart, Christ's "Golden Rule,"
With cords of brotherhood, all nations bind.

—From *The Christian Herald.*

Whatever new world may emerge after this war will depend on the existence of a *strong, vital stream,* a *new spirit* and a *new faith.* Without this the best structure will fail, and with it even a faulty one can succeed!

—Dorothy Thompson

¶ The world's greatest prayer
for the world's greatest need.

The Lord's Prayer—1943

Alice Jackson Wheaton

WE ARE told in the Book of Luke that the disciples, conscious of the glory and trust shining in the face of Jesus after he had been communing with God, besought Him, saying, "Lord, teach us to pray." Thereupon Jesus taught them a prayer which the Christian world has taken as a model for its praying. It has been called "the pearl of prayers," "the little while paternoster." We say it too often with the parrot-like glibness that dates from childhood. We repeat it on diverse occasions with too little awareness of its tremendous implications. Here is a suggested filling in of its outline:

Our Father which art in heaven

We thank Thee that Jesus taught us to say, not "My Father," but "Our Father." We can all be sons of God and brothers in Christ regardless of race or creed. It is with deep contrition that we call Thee "Father," for we have been unworthy sons of Thee and unworthy brothers in Christ.

Hallowed be Thy name

Thou art not only God the Father, but Thou art Ruler and Lord of the universe. May we have ever enlarging concepts of Thee. We would bow in praise and worship, as Isaiah did of old, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! Heaven and earth are full of Thee!" Touch Thou our lips as his were touched that we may be purged of uncleanness as we contemplate Thee. Make us pure in heart that we may see God.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven

Our lips pray for the coming of a kingdom of love where all the world shall be as one family, while our minds and hands are busy planning and making instruments for dealing death to our fellowmen. We have not vision or insight enough, O God, to see our way clearly or to comprehend Thy purposes. But we beseech Thee to help us to bring forth out of the discord of this day, a new and more perfect harmony and understanding between peoples. The peace for which we yearn is possible only among men of good will. The healing of the nations can come only when we as individuals renew within ourselves the right spirit.

Give us this day our daily bread

This bread for which we ask is

the symbol of our temporal needs. As we earn and partake of it, may it become to us, O Father, the Bread of Life. May it help to build bodies that are temples of the living God. Inspire us to be clean, chaste, self-denying, that we may glorify Thee with our bodies and spirits which are Thine.

Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors

Our Father, if we utter this petition with honesty and truth we are asking that our transgressions be blotted out in the measure that we forgive those who trespass against us. We must forgive our enemies, those who deal us death and destruction. We are weak and human, and we implore Thy grace that we may partake of the Divine Compassion, that we, too, may say as Jesus said, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Purge us of bitterness and the desire for revenge. We would make intercession both for those arrayed against us and for ourselves. Deliver both sides in this untimely struggle from deeds of lust and evil passion and godless fury.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil

Our Father, who art also our Maker, our Defender, our Redeemer and Friend, we know that when we are most sure of ourselves, then it is that we need Thee most. As temptations assail us each, let us think of Thee as a mighty Fortress and a Bulwark never failing. Evil is intrenched within us, O God, because we are centered in self, rather than in Thee. O Thou, "unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name."

For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever, Amen.

THE PRAYER OF ST. PATRICK

Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me.
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all who love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

Physician, Heal Thyself!

Howard R. Mulford

IN THE Apocalypse the last of the Four Horsemen is the rider of the pale horse, he who bears the ominous name of Death and brings with him famine and pestilence.

War, in its devastation, in the malnutrition, the semi-starvation and the lack of sanitation it forces upon non-combatants, makes ever a fertile ground for the operation of germs and bacteria, themselves the forerunners of plague and pestilence.

Probably never since the days of the horrific "Black Death," some six centuries ago, have world-conditions been so favorable to the spread of plagues and epidemics. In the conquered countries, particularly, where undernourishment, even slow starvation, is the rule, rather than the exception, together with an almost total lack of medicines, antiseptics and disinfectants, there is a great and increasing danger that plague and pestilence may complete the devastating work of war and Gestapo, in simply annihilating the remainder of the population!

We here in this country are to some extent bulwarked against European or Asiatic epidemics by wide oceans. Yet virulent germs have many times demonstrated amazing ability to span oceans. And whether or not plagues and pestilence are to be combatted in the ensuing years, no one today can afford to neglect any reasonable means of fortifying himself or his family against the ravages of disease.

The war's effects on the nervous system, making for carelessness in diet and irregularities in digestion, in breaking into one's rest through worries and fears for loved ones and in sometimes stimulating over-use of alcoholic beverages or other forms of escape from horrifying reality, tend to make us more and more susceptible to disease, in any form. Nor is this at all strange. Abnormal times naturally make for abnormalities and only the insensitive can fail to be affected by the momentous days through which we are passing. Yet the very universality of the war—its contact, in one way or another, with the lives of all mankind—surely gives it a significance beyond the fortuitous, transcending the purely physical.

If we can learn to conceive of the war, not as a most inexplic-

able calamity but actually as a colossal and immensely important lesson, or series of lessons, to all mankind—that all must, in time, learn—then we shall sooner or later find ourselves fortified, mentally and spiritually, against the worst ravages of war and against most of the ills, physical as well as mental, that we feared are portended.

First and foremost of the lessons offered by the war is that of the power of thought: how, in fact, our thought actually makes the world in which we live. Consider how every great movement of mankind, whether for good or evil in effect, originated in the mind of some one person. We have seen it exemplified, nauseatingly, in the rise of the Nazis to power, in the past few years, as more and more Germans became obsessed with the moronic doctrine offered by one Adolf Hitler and his fellow-conspirators against humanity.

We have seen it exemplified, too, in Britain after Dunkirk. Deserted by her great ally, France, with her own army's equipment strewn from Belgium to Folkestone, Britain had little left to oppose a German invasion but an indomitable will to survive. France, on the other hand, had lost the will to live. Today, Britain is yet free, because the power of thought of free men stayed the hand of the totalitarian Nazis, until Britain once more was impregnable.

We should realize that, just as unified, nationalized thought can work its seeming miracles for a nation, so our own individual thought, rightly directed, can be proportionately even more helpful in our personal affairs. We have all seen how certain "invalids," believing implicitly in their invalidism, can defy the best efforts of materia medica to put them on their feet. We have seen, also, how the will to survive, after all hope had gone, has pulled deathly-ill people through crises and led to complete recovery.

Any experienced physician will concede that right thinking on the part of the patient—faith, at least, in eventual healing, is almost a sine qua non for recovery.

A competent physician can usually diagnose an ailment and prescribe treatment that will, at least, constitute the "works," to which the patient's own "faith" in recovery must be added, for complete cure.

Every one knows that a scratched finger will soon heal, of itself, provided only that reasonable cleanliness, to prevent infection, is maintained. This self-healing represents the action of the life-force or the body's natural healing forces. This body healing principle is controlled and directed, not by one's conscious mind, but by his so-called "unconscious" or

"superconscious" mind. It is an all-powerful principle which, other things being equal, is capable of healing any illness or hurt.

This natural healing process can be accelerated or retarded by the attitude of the conscious mind. Pessimistic thoughts, dwelling on the disease, can influence the subconscious mind to retard or even prevent the healing action. On the other hand, healthy, optimistic thoughts—that one is healing and will be cured; that health is a right, etc.—will accelerate the natural healing process.

More important, today, to most Americans than any actual healing is knowledge of how to guard one's self and one's family against indisposition and disease, due to the war.

The answer is simply that when we fear anything we help that identical circumstance to happen. To worry about one's health is the surest way to accumulate ill-health. On the other hand, to keep serene and to banish fear and worry from our lives—to go forward with confidence that all will be well with the world and with ourselves—is to be our own physician, armed to ward off disease before it can touch us.

If in these days of a world conflagration we find it difficult to keep serene and unworried we should not forget that man was not meant to live by bread alone, but also by the Word. Perhaps the best way to learn to banish fear and worry—as well as to stimulate one's faith to a really helpful point—is the act of prayer, or of meditation, which in itself is a form of prayer. While all prayer is good—and whether the recipient be called God, Brahma, Allah or Great Spirit—yet for quickest results we should remember that Jesus taught us, in the Lord's Prayer, not to beg but to assume. Thus we should say, not: "I pray," but "Give us this day. . . ." For body, soul and spirit all are one with the universal spirit, differing only in the degree of vibration—and with a perfect right to health.

It is well, also, in our prayers to be guided by the 91st Psalm: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Of course, the "secret place" indicated by the wise old Psalmist is not in some far-off spot of the Heavens, for God is truly everywhere, but actually *within* one, so we should address our prayers to the God Within!

When our prayer becomes meditation, with true quietude of mind and complete receptivity, we shall find that we are approaching the infinite peace, serenity and security of an abode "under the shadow of the Almighty." And if, in the trials and vicissitudes of a great and all-embracing war, there

comes a time when we feel we have been singled out by the dark hand of fate and are beyond earthly consolation, we shall know that our strength is in the Eternal and that in the "secret place" we can still find peace, with no hatred, fear or separation.

As we become able, in some degree, to realize our at-oneness with all creation—and thus with God, for God is omnipresent, as well as omnipotent—we shall find ourselves increasingly able to banish fear and worry and so to arm ourselves against disease, whether physical or mental.

TWO POEMS OF FAITH

Lillian A. Achilles

"I laugh at dissolution," I who know
The garden's grace, the dark seed's mystic story;
Who watch in creeping green the life-sap flow,
The parting earth, the emerging springtime glory.

I laugh with you, my sunny daffodils,
My crocuses, all sunny-eyed and gay.
You rose from death, your life the law fulfills;
Earth tried to hold you, but you could not stay.

There is no death, my soul. Old fears outride;
There's just a call, and then a glad surprise
Of broken bonds, earth's darkness pushed aside.
One rose to show the way. So shall you rise.

George Santayana

O World, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world and had no chart,
Save one that Faith deciphered in the skies.
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Clear knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of Faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

Death Is an Episode in Life

Alice H. Stearns

DEATH is an episode in the drama of life; I am thoroughly convinced by this time that it is no more than that. Perhaps I may get you too, to see it that way. Even the scientists and philosophers are getting together—at long last!—on some of their life findings, and the results are beginning to look promising. Let us take a bit of inventory.

We have assurance from science, indeed have had for a long time, that Energy can neither be created nor destroyed. It can be transferred, transmitted, or transmuted, but it can't quite be driven out of the picture. Matter and energy have "had it all their own way" until quite recently,—when a third one came onto the stage, and prepared to remain: *intelligence*. It seems unbelievable that the most important word in human life should have been omitted all this time by earnest seekers of knowledge and truth. But we appreciate the inclusion even at this late date.

Whether intelligence originated in God, atom, or life-cell, it has always deserved the place of first chapter in the Life-Book of Knowledge. Now since energy cannot be destroyed, and since intelligence is the power that uses energy—then neither can that power be destroyed. A vandal breaking into the home of a violinist may destroy the instrument, but the player has not been destroyed, nor the maker of the violin.

Thinking in terms of creative evolution, man is now regarded as co-creator with God, of energy-substance. Surely the intelligence which both directs and utilizes energy cannot be driven out of the picture. Intelligence just *is*, and nothing can ever negate its "is-ness." Energy and intelligence travel through life together; wherever you feel or sense one, you recognize the other.

When "death" comes to the individual, his energy only apparently dies; in reality it simply changes its form, transmutes it into energy of a higher vibratory power. Its life takes on new expression, while the body too builds itself a new form. Here too we have science with us, for we know that energy could not be everlasting without a life-form to express

it. Life and form are as close companions as intelligence and energy. Wherever there is life, there must be form, substance of some kind. We can now speak with some confidence when we say the Pauline philosophy was not unscientific in maintaining that "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

Orthodox science-minded people still persist in thinking that life in general lives on, while individual lives die. According to that, your life and mine live on only by their influence upon friends left behind: like a stone thrown into the lake, that makes a line of ripples widening out farther apart as they recede from view. But up-to-date readers of up-to-date thought are convinced there is more substance to survival than that. Tennyson may have been right in saying that Nature cared only for the "type," and was indifferent about the individual. But what about the individual who has learned a bit of creative art *for himself*? He is going to set about creating for a permanent role, the part of himself he is most interested in: his individual *personality*.

That intelligent individual who uses his creative ability in building an energetic personality, is not going to run any risk of losing either his intelligence, his energy, or his personality. Death will interrupt, but only for the time being: probably for those three symbolic "days in the tomb." The interruption is not unlike the case of the caterpillar, whose worm-life dies; but during the pause that *seems death,* the intelligent cells are making over a new butterfly-body out of the old material: plus some new. Death for the worm is but an episode, preparing for life in the butterfly or moth.

Cell-intelligence is another "new-old" idea which some of the deeper thinkers among scientists are working at. Old, because Ernst Haeckel used it for one of his themes; new, in its being compared with the individual in his community or group, by research scientists like Ralph Gerard in the University of Chicago. In this set-up the human cell is given an intelligence similar to the insect's; and it sacrifices its leucocyte-life like the insect, to save the larger life of the brain. Our body cells are still very much like the original one-celled amoebic life.

So long as the one-celled amoeba lived alone, and escaped death from some larger creature, he remained immortal. He had no cause for dying either of old age or disease. He thus had advantage over mortal human beings, for he basked in timeless, deathless eternity. But when he joined forces with others in a larger body, became a member of a special-organ community, he "lost" his immortality. But did

he really lose it? We are beginning now to suspect that it wasn't lost, not even the small amount possessed by that one tiny cell. The loss very likely has been only apparent.

A number of writers now are saying that life always emerges out of death. *Part* of the plant dies, part of the animal, but never all. A part always emerges as *life*. A striking example of this is the semper virens tree in California. Out of the fallen "dead" log young sprouts spring up out of the entire length of the log. It is Spring emerging out of Winter; life out of death. Other illustrations are manifold, everywhere, but we mortals have not the eyes to see them.

The final winning point of the argument for survival is furnished by the new type of psychology. The new idea we get from this source is that of the Emergent Individual. For millions of years, while battles were raging in the outside world, other battles were raging inside the human body. Individual cells contending with one another, somewhat as the Eskimo dogs contend for leadership—for the building of the integrated individualized personality. The one winning out over the many—the greatest victory of all being the winning back of one's individual immortality.

This new type of individual is one who bends his whole mental and spiritual intelligence — and energy — in one direction: the building of a permanent *House Beautiful*. It is an invisible house, but made of good material just the same. Body substance is changed gradually into mental substance, body energy into mental energy, body intelligence into mental intelligence. And those in turn will, in the Valley Beyond, the eternal world of Thought, be transmuted into spiritual substance, spiritual energy, spiritual intelligence.

And after all—why not? It has been the spirit, these millions of years, that has succeeded in winning back the immortality which our first amoebic ancestor lost, when he divided into those two selves. Death for this new emergent individual is nothing more than an episode in life. Energy and intelligence — both deathless by natural law—have built up an eternal Selfhood, possessing a body of substance, a mind with alert awareness, and a soul fully prepared for a Life altogether worthwhile.

Nothing makes the earth seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes.

¶ Concentration of the Will upon a noble purpose is the holy privilege of every soul.

The Will

THE WILL is like a lever that lifts in any direction, yet it will also be the power that decides the direction. It is the factor in human experiences which makes or mars character, and fulfills or defeats every promise of Nature. Unguided, except by the caprice of the senses, it is the unworthy helmsman that steers the ship directly to the rocks; but exalted, trained and consecrated, it leads into the harbor of peace and safety.

No Soul comes into the world without Will, although people often declare that they have no Will, and bewail the lack; but look deeply into their fundamental nature and character. Have you found anyone who has no Will, and who does not exercise it in the direction of his wants? Nay! Not one: be he imbecile, or insane. But upon the whole-heartedness of his wants much depends. It may be only with his lips he want of this or that. It may be because a friend suggested it, that he wants it. It may be he dislikes to be different from his neighbors. For all these reason he will often fail in attaining, but if *deep down in his heart he wants it,* so that his very being demands it, behold, though all the world stand agape and thunder "NO" in his unheeding ears, *he will have it.*

The surface of the water will make but a light wave that recedes quickly, causing no damage, but beware when the whole body of water returns in the same direction at the same time. This is an illustration of the dual force and action of the Will, the upper and the lower, the outer and the inner, which, acting in concert, are absolutely invincible. A long encircling shore with much surface to beat upon, breaks the force of the ocean, but the point of the outlying crag receives the full force of every wave. Too many aims, purposes, or superficial interests scatter the force and divert the energy of the Will, so that he who is desultory in focusing his Will lets its waves break upon too wide a shore, and becomes merely commonplace in character or attainment.

From an ancient French document, *Illuminati,* unpublished so far as the editors know.

Brother, the first step in using and cultivating the magnificent power of the Will is to concentrate *upon a noble aim,* and with single eye and unswerving purpose work to attain it. Concentration of the Will upon a noble purpose is the holy privilege of every Soul. Your purpose is noble, Brother. You seek to live the true unselfish life, the spiritual life, meaning by that the life that accords with your highest conception of what is God-like. You have learned that the first step is to dethrone Self and enthrone God. You have learned also that the right use of the senses is as interpreters, not as dictators. You say you really want the Christly character. That is given to those only who are willing to lay down their lives for it. Are you willing to say: "Whatever it costs I will be true to my aim"? If you are, and you can give the whole force and fervor of your being to the attainment, it is well! This is concentration of the Will. Quickly will the positive force of your Will sweep aside every obstacle, and make conditions by which the gentle feminine may bring to pass your heart's desire.

To be filled with the consciousness of the Highest is to forget and forego the lowest. You will perceive that the method of uprooting old, and implanting new habits, is by the expulsive power of new interests and new affections. Love the right, and the wrong will die of starvation. Love the Ideal. Think upon it. Give yourself to it. Follow it. Gaze upon it. Admire it. Absorb it, and by and by it will absorb you, and expel all unworthiness from your motive, thought, or life.

The last step is one directly concerning the alliance of the human being with the Divine Will. Herein lies the pith of the matter. You, therefore, deliberately face the whole question when you say, with heart, and soul, and mind: "My Self-Will is lost in the Divine. Not mine, but Thine, O Father. Teach me Thy Will. Thy Will is Law. Thy Law is Love. Now do I give over all selfish aims that I may know the Divine Aim, and accomplish the fulfillment of the Divine Will." Learn this. Repeat it prayerfully night and morning, with such additions as come to your lips.

Divine Will is always for Harmony, for Peace, for Forgiveness, for Love and Gentleness.

In Nature's kingdom the little bird, featherless and helpless, breaks and destroys the only protection it knows — its shell — to emerge into a great unknown. It knows not, nor even questions, "What next?" Yet the Divine Will, forever making Love manifest, has already provided the warm breast of the mother and implanted

in the hearts of both parents the love and will to protect and feed the helpless baby.

Give, give, give wheresoever you are, whatsoever you can, yea, though it be your happiness, your strength, your very life; give, not thinking to receive again; give for Love's sake, for God's sake, but not for Self's sake, is the compelling command always, when the Soul awakes and girds itself for action.

And so, Brother, whatever you have prized, be it riches, happiness, fame, friendship, pleasure, comfort, be willing at any moment if need be to renounce all for the sake of obedience to the Divine Will, the law of Love.

Can you perceive the all-encircling Good beyond and above human boundaries that waits upon and inspires that which, or whosoever, trusts to its care?

Does this seem beyond reason? Wait! Here is an illustration. Go to the ocean. Throw yourself upon its bosom. While you clutch and gasp and cower from its embrace, you see only danger and death lurking in its caress. But let go your fear. Relax your tense muscles. Give your body to the lapping water—move your limbs in harmony with the waves that kiss your face. See! Wonderful result! When your senses frightened you with death pictures, you were an abject, miserable slave, chained by your awful fears, but when you gave up, renounced fear, and said: "Take my body. I give it wholly and completely, and will die if need be in order to gain this experience," lo, the water held you tenderly, laughed with you, and gave you back not only the body but a new power, a rare exhilarating strength to be Master in a new sphere and to have command over a new element.

So, dear Brother, doth the all-wise Love but woo thee to a more complete renunciation of that which holds Self dear in order to give thee greater gifts, and show thee the larger realm wherein thy Soul shall have a more abundant life, and that rare, commanding power which is for him alone who conquers self.

A PROMPT ANSWER TO PRAYER!

A Scottish dominie was praying for badly needed rain. Even as he prayed a few drops fell. He prayed harder and the rain increased. He threw himself into a magnificent effort; and the rain came in a cloudburst, until the little church trembled. Then the dominie paused. "Now, now, Lord," he said indignantly, "dinna be ridiculous."

We Discover the Soul of America

Glenn Clark

LAST spring while many were talking of the need of opening a Second Front, some of us raised the question, "Why don't we start a Third Front, not a front of tanks and guns, not a front of Spitfires and bombers, but a front of repentance and spiritual regeneration?"

To prepare for this Third Front, Starr Daily, Glenn Harding, Frank Laubach and I enlisted for the duration. Our purpose was to establish prayer groups all over the nation, get spiritual literature into every home, and lend aid and succor to every church and every group that is striving to bring a spiritual regeneration to America. Our wish was to teach people how to pray in this time of crisis and to help lay foundations for a civilization where sanity, wisdom and justice shall rule.

Our plan of promoting this was to put on a Traveling Institute of Prayer in most of the large cities of America. But before our plans were far under way, God directed that Frank Laubach was to make his contribution in South America, be our "foreign missionary" while we "home missionaries" should undertake the program in our country alone.

It came to us all as direct guidance that the place to begin was in my two home churches—one in Minneapolis, one in Saint Paul—and the date to start was November first. So in the Plymouth Congregational Church, and the Macalester Presbyterian Church, plus the Judson Baptist Church, the Institute of Prayer and Creative Living was born.

We had hardly started upon this Third Front before we were aware that we were in the stream of Destiny. We were simply tracing out the pattern that had already been established in God's plan.

The dynamic symmetry of the two cities contributed to the sense of Destiny that gave this movement power. Minneapolis at the head of navigation of the Mississippi, where the Father of Waters began its flow into the heart of the nation; and Saint Paul, the apostle who carried the Water of Life to the heart of the churches.

Those we left behind us in prayer for the meetings were doing as much as we who were conducting the meetings—because it was not what we would say, but what God would send through us that really would create the Third

Front in all the irresistible power that we visioned for it.

And this is what our vision consisted of:

Behind the present world events so cataclysmic, so tragic, so awful, is something good, if we can penetrate through the clouds of hate and the fogs of fear far enough to see it.

It is the birth pangs of a New Age on its way. An era is coming when all nations will be one—when all peoples will unite in one vast brotherhood of harmony and love.

As cattle sense the presence of water by a sixth sense when it is still too far away to detect by the sense of smell, so nations detect by some subtle inward intuition the approach of these vast realignments long before the wise men can chart the proper way of approach. Sensing this coming world union, the evil forces of the world assert themselves to appropriate this good to themselves, each nation dreaming of achieving this union for its own personal profit, by force instead of Love, with itself as the dominating head instead of Christ as the head. Evil is Good seen through a glass darkly, from the selfish instead of the unselfish point of view. The most perfect moving picture drama ever produced would be ruined if the operator turned the crank backwards instead of forward. The finest landscape of mountains and lakes would be a travesty if hung in the art gallery upside down. In the former case, where the playwright described brother reaching down and drawing brother *up* from the mire, we would see instead brother seizing brother by the throat and thrusting him *down* into the mire. And in the latter case instead of seeing men climbing the mountain in love and joy, we would see men moving upside down in hate and distrust and fear, imprisoned in activities of sorrow and grief.

Our message was very simple—turn to the paradoxes of Jesus, reverse the world process, and lift up your eyes to the hills, and see God's plan unfolding before you—look away from the negatives of suspicion, hate and fear, and fix your gaze upon the faith, hope and love that can redeem the world. God who is the author, producer and operator of this moving picture drama of life is capable of turning out the pictures in peace and harmony for all if we let *Him* turn the machine and if *we* don't interfere. We merely tried to show people that Love can sweep out hate, and darkness has to flee before Light; and that merely by turning the movie in reverse, all evil—even war—can be transmitted into good. We know that War and all the causes of War could come to an end before such

a concerted vision as that, held by a million people. Lift up thine eyes unto the hills and be not concerned with the shadows in the pool. That was our message. It was wonderful the way this faith gathered force wherever we went.

To make our parable of reversing the world picture complete we called our Institutes of Prayer not Retreats but Advances, and instead of using high pressure advertising and demanding guarantees of expenses we trusted entirely to praying friends for arrangements and to the free-will offerings of the people to carry us safely along and keep our home fires burning.

We soon saw that our journey, unwittingly and spontaneously arranged, not by our own design, but by the plan of God, had taken the form of a cross.

Starting at the headwaters of the Mississippi we went down to Chicago, then to Andalusia, Birmingham, Montgomery and Mobile—this constituting the vertical section of the cross. Then back to St. Louis, Kansas City, Lincoln, and Denver, and back again to Chicago; and then on to Washington, Norfolk, Boston, Hartford, New York and Philadelphia, returning again by way of Cleveland to end in Chicago, in which city we found the center of the cross. Three successive Institutes of Prayer were held there, one at the beginning of our trip, one when midway through it, one at the very end. The first was in Englewood to reach the South Side, the second in Edgewater to reach the North Side, and the third in Austin to reach the West Side.

At the four tips of the cross I found four symbolisms worth mentioning. The symbolism of the Twin Cities has already been referred to.

At Mobile at the southern tip of the cross, I asked to see Fort Blakely where my father charged the breastworks and participated in its capture three days after the Civil War was over. Too bad there was no telegraph in those days. It was the bloodiest series of battles, considering the number of those engaged, in the entire war. Down there they have a tablet with the proud statement exulting over the fact that six hundred Confederates held off nine thousand Yankees for three weeks. And I was so proud of my famous dad! Such is war.

The telegraph was not yet discovered then as a practical power, and so this loss of life occurred. Today prayer has not been discovered as a practical power or we could have stopped all this loss of life today. As my father fought at Mobile in the *last* battle of the *Civil* War where brothers fought against brothers, so today we of

the Third Front hope this war will prove to be the *last* battle of all time where brothers fight against brothers. And as the full use and power of the telegraph were discovered immediately following the Civil War, so let us hope that the full use and power of *prayer* will be discovered immediately following this war.

At Denver, a mile above sea level, at the western tip of the cross, we climaxed our first Advance of the Third Front. Following that we ran a thousand feet higher toward the sky in conducting meetings for two days at Colorado Springs. The final morning, with a group of one hundred chosen souls, we went very, very high. Behind us we had left little "caches" of praying people in every city, and the power of their combined prayers, when they were as clear of all extraneous elements as a grain of mustard seed, was absolutely unbelievable! Right under the pinnacle of Pike's Peak we lifted the Love and the Prayers of all the cities where we had been, and let their power flow down over the nation and all the world.

At Washington, the eastern tip, came the climax of all. Floods through the Ohio Valley delayed our approach to Washington by many hours. We were routed over entirely different tracks and came by way of Columbus. Thirteen years ago when coming home from Monhegan Island with the vision of starting the Camps Farthest Out, I was forced through Columbus by another accident. In both cases I inferred that it was God's way of saying we were starting on a quest for the rediscovery of America. Christopher Columbus would never have been given the opportunity to make his discovery were it not that a monk, Father Confessor to Isabel, was moved by the fact that he had *Christ* in his name.

And the best way to discover the soul of America, we found, was to meet for two or three days of prayer in Christ's Name with a group of men representing all activities of life in all parts of the country, and get quiet with them. Out of stillness comes the answer to all the mysteries of life.

I don't know of anything more thrilling than twelve men completely dedicated to God and as empty as they could make themselves of every trace of self—all God's men—meeting in one room. There opposite the White House on New Year's Day they came. Out of the far west strode Starr Daily, coming like Lincoln with the sorrows of the common man—yes, lower than that—of the underworld man—upon his heart. Silent he came and remained silent for most of those two days, the most silent figure of all of us, but the most intensely inspired.

Out of the south came Rufus Moseley, oldest of the group, but by all odds the most naive and childlike. He spoke the most, at times a stream of words, but so activated in every cell of his body by the Holy Spirit, and the Joy that came from a celestial source, that he became the salt and pepper, the spice and flavor of all our meetings.

Out of the east came Sam Shoemaker and Sherry Day, Dr. Robinson and John Magee, and out of the middle west came the two Glenns.

Stanley Jones was the international figure who roamed at will over all America and the world as well. Walter Judd, newly elected Congressman, also international but now of the middle west, represented our contact with the Governments of Nations. Howard Thurman represented our contact with the dark races.

And the twelfth man? The one who occupied the vacant chair that completed the circle? That was Christ—the One who represented east and west, north and south, international, inter-heaven — the One who rounded out the circle to its perfect completeness.

Dr. Carver, Rufus Jones, Frank Laubach and Henry Wallace were joining us in prayer on the outside. Wrote Rufus Jones, "I shall greatly miss the fellowship. I shall hope to set apart a period each day to join in prayer with you." Wrote Henry Wallace, "I am glad that you and your colleagues are going to hold this series of meetings looking to the setting up of a third front which will be the motive power behind all the other fronts. With appreciation of what you are doing, and with best wishes of the Christmas Season, I am sincerely yours, Henry A. Wallace."

In the parlor of St. John's church parish house we gathered in a circle around a big fireplace brightly burning. Hardly did we leave the room for those two days, even to eat. "I think," said Stanley, "it would be nice to bring in sandwiches and milk and make of our noon meal a sacrament to the Lord." So John Magee, minister in charge of this famous "Church of the Presidents," father of the brave lad who wrote "High Flight," went out and himself brought back huge bags filled with sandwiches, and fruit, and paper bottles filled with milk, and there we broke the bread of fellowship together.

After these two days given over to nothing but prayer and the inspired conversation that grows out of prayer, the gathering came to a close with the following remarks of Rufus Moseley and Stanley Jones:

Said Rufus: "We need a new Pentecost. If we surrender to Jesus we have Pentecost—we become a Christian. If we surrender to

John Wesley we become something like a Christian but more like a Methodist. I asked for the Holy Spirit and told the Father I'd rather have it without the gift of tongues if I could have it, but if the only way I could have it was with the gift of tongues, I would take it that way."

"I believe Rufus Moseley," said Stanley, "represents a cross-fertilization of all our movements and brings Pentecost in again. Pentecost has been queered by the queer. But without Pentecost Christianity is sterile. It has been the no-man's-land to us where we have feared to tread. We must bring it back again. Pentecost doesn't need defense but rendition. It breaks down the partitions between the personal and the social gospel. The new social order, for instance, will be based, like the early church, upon supply according to each man's need, not each man's greed. Pentecost breaks down the barrier between the spiritual and the material in healing and affairs. It breaks down the barrier between races. Paul and Barnabas after their conversion were baptized by a Negro (Niger). The first missionary was an Ethiopian eunuch sent to Africa by Philip. Pentecost is the fullness of the spiritual anointing for the wholeness of life. It is total. Christ is the issue—we are not the issue. With Christ as the center, all our endeavors are partnerships, carrying on our expressions of this total vision to combine with each others' attempts to help build for the Kingdom."

As we separated on our different paths, this thought came to me with tremendous power: if all organizations and all individuals were willing to lose themselves, their names, their identity, if need be, their very lives for the glory of God and the furtherance of His Kingdom, what couldn't be done!

And as we left this little nucleus of spiritual souls behind us, we soon found that they were in spirit actually going with us. As a snowball grows as it rolls, so to this initial unity a vast army of great souls was gradually added. I started here to name them, but the list grows so long that I finally decided I would honor them all with anonymity as far as this article is concerned.

And now we saw why Destiny led us to start the Third Front on November first. An editorial in Collier's Magazine on January third told how all the tides of battle were going against the Allied Nations until the first two weeks in November brought a complete reversal in the tides of Destiny. President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill both acknowledged that the turn began then giving for the first time absolute assurance of final victory. And did Prayer do it?

All I can say is that anyone who had seen what we had seen as we traced this Divine Cross of Prayer and Love, the tremendous, unused reservoirs of Prayer lying dormant and disunited and undirected all over the nation, would never doubt that Prayer had a great deal to do with it.

Before leaving Saint Paul I saw two strong men pushing at a car stuck in a drift, all to no avail. A little Boy Scout came along, threw off his overcoat, and exclaimed, "Here is where I do my good deed for today!" "Get away from here, kid," said one of the men, "you will just be a nuisance." The small boy leaned his shoulder against the car and it began to move. That little extra shove was all that was needed. The nations of the world today are sinking deeper every hour into the drifts of hate and despair. How do we know how far and how fast an extra shove of prayer might move the whole world in the direction of victory?

But victory for *what?* For Liberty, Equality and Justice for all nations, all races, all continents?

And victory *over* what? Our Pretensions, Possessions and Addictions? These, says Gerald Heard, are the only tyrannies we need to fear.

As the Third Front proceeded we soon found that we should direct most of our praying to the winning of this inner battle. In Chicago on the last day of the Edgewater Advance I said:

"To pray in an age of crisis like this is no kindergarten affair, but demands the very best of all of us. It is not merely pushing a button and asking God to run errands for us. As Jesus went out into the wilderness for forty days and earned the right to pray, so must we be willing to pay the price of answered prayer. And that price is that we as a nation meet the same three temptations that Jesus met and cast off our Pretensions, Possessions and Addictions. These express themselves in American life as Pride of Race, Greed of our National Wealth, and Enslavement to the Alcoholic Interests.

"The test that one suspected of insanity is subjected to is to set him to bailing out a tub while the faucet is running. If he bails all day without turning off the faucet we know he is insane.

"Likewise if one prays for victory for the Allied Nations and their Four Freedoms without turning off the faucets of racial pride, greed of possessions and control by the 'Addiction Interests'—or at least directing our most earnest prayer to that end—we should be adjudged insane."

And I closed my talk by quoting the words of Wilfred Owen, killed leading his men in the last battle of the First World War:

"So Abram rose and clave the wood and went
And took the fire with him, and a knife.
And as they sojourned both of them together,
Isaac the young lad spoke and said, 'My father,
Behold the preparations, fire and iron;
But where the young lamb for this burnt-offering?'

"Then Abram bound the youth with belts and straps
And stretched for the knife to slay his son,
When lo! an angel called him out of heaven,
Saying, 'Lay not thy hand upon the lad,
Neither do anything to him. Behold, a ram
Caught in a thicket by the horns;
Offer the Ram of Pride instead of him.'
But the old man would not so, but slew his son."

Shall America sacrifice a million of her sons because she refuses to sacrifice her ram of racial pride?

Three men who were not with us in person in the two days of prayer in Washington, as I mentioned before, were Rufus Jones, who was busy planning and directing the Friends' work of feeding and saving Europe after the war; Frank Laubach, who was spreading the Gospel throughout South America; and Dr. George Washington Carver, whose life work had been to redeem the soy bean, the peanut, and other lowly products for aiding a nation in a time like this. We felt the power of their prayers and knew they were keeping tryst with us.

The very last thing we did in the South was to make a final pilgrimage to see Dr. Carver. I felt sure that it was the last time I would see my beloved friend on earth. It was the only time I used the word "goodbye" in parting.

Dr. Carver's last words with me were, "I will be with you in power on this journey. This Third Front to unite all praying people is the beginning of that great spiritual awakening which I prophesied five years ago. I will be with you in spirit in Washington."

On the evening of January fifth, Starr Daily, Glenn Harding and I were holding the last meeting of the Third Front in Washington. For some strange reason Glenn Harding asked the entire congregation to sing the Hallelujah Chorus—a song which only the choirs are accustomed to sing. They sang it with the harmony and power of a great chorus such as St. Olaf's Choir—a great pæan to Heaven. It was as though the angels of Heaven were about us, joining us in the singing. It was at that time that old Dr. Carver was preparing to step into the chariot of the Lord, to swing high into Heaven. While Starr Daily was speaking, he was entering Paradise, and when I rose to give the final address of the Washington meetings a power entered into me that was of Heaven itself. I knew that I was not alone, and

when the evening ended, scores of people who had heard me give the same address before on Levers of Prayer came forward and said they had never heard anything like it—the power coming through transcended anything in my former talks. Yes, Dr. Carver was keeping his promise. He was with us in power in this Third Front.

We rode all that night in a bus to Norfolk in order to be there in time for the meetings beginning early the next morning. At the Greyhound Depot we took a taxi to the home of a little lady who was to be our hostess, whom Dr. Carver considered the most spiritual lady he had met in the South. As the taxi stopped in front of her door, suddenly the radio went on (something I never heard in a taxi before) and out of the sky as it seemed came a voice, "We are bringing you news that Dr. George Washington Carver passed away at 7:30 at Tuskegee last night—one of the world's greatest chemists, and a true man of God."

God seemed to have timed his passing so he could help in the climax of our meeting in the capital of the United States, and had timed the announcement of his passing so it would come to us in the midst of an especially selected group of his chosen spiritual friends.

Can we not hope and trust that this perfect timing of the right message at the right time to the right people may go with us, and that all who are associated together in the love of Christ may spread the gospel of Love and Prayer, the gospel that Dr. Carver loved so much and practiced so well, in a way that may be carried to all the people in this beloved nation and to all the people in the world!

MOTHER

Myrtle Dean Clark

In an old world cathedral
  Hallowed with centuries of prayer
There lingers in its redemptive silences
  The melody of prayer.

In a tranquil old face
  Illumined with years of prayer
There lingers as an afterglow
  The *answer* to prayer.

As the Bud Unfolds

Grace Wegner

THE TIGHTLY closed bud clasps to itself its still immature color, beauty and fragrance.

Day by day it lifts its head to be drenched with the golden life of the sun, washed clean with the sweetness of the rain. Slowly, naturally, it unfolds, one lovely petal at a time until at last the perfect flower, whose design was complete already in the tight-shut bud, is revealed for all to enjoy. Then it gives lavishly of its color and perfume to make joyous all the garden.

The gardener tends the plant with loving care. He sees that no obstruction cuts off from the plant the flood of sunshine; he waters the plant's seeking roots when drought comes; he enriches the soil when it becomes barren; he carefully pulls out the weeds that might hinder the plant's growth. He does not become impatient if the bud unfolds slowly, for he knows that in the time its own nature decrees, it will become a perfect flower. He does not attempt to pull apart tightly closed petals to hasten the flowering, for then the loveliness of a perfect thing would be spoiled. He does not attempt to change the color or the shape of the developing beauty, for he knows that its own plan must come to fulfillment, its own nature be expressed, in the flowering.

My child is a bud. I know that if she is freely exposed to the warmth of God's love and the life-giving rain of His truth she will become in God's time a flower —perfect and lovely, whose color, shape and fragrance are even now wrapped within her, — a flower whose fragrance and beauty will bring joy to all who come within its reach. I need only see that nothing in her environment hides her from God's love, or keeps His truth from the thirsty roots of her soul; I must only make sure that the soil of her home is rich in the food she needs, and take care to pull up quickly the ugly little weeds that might choke out the life of the roots or stunt the natural growth of the plant. I must never be impatient at the natural slowness of the unfolding, nor spoil what God has made by attempting to twist the perfection of his design to suit some whim of my own. I know that when I have lovingly done these things, God will inevitably bring all the possibilities now folded within the bud to a perfect flowering.

O dear Father, help me to be a good gardener!

The Soldiers Look Up

(From a First Lieutenant with American parachute troops in training.)

MY DEAREST Mom:

I was so happy to get your letter just a few minutes ago. Do you know I read Psalm 27 last night before I went to bed? So I beat you to it.

Mother dear, it seems you have struck a note in my soul that has been yearning to summon all the people of our great nation to pray. It may sound silly but I think this is one thing we need more than ammunition and manpower — the power of God through the strength of our prayers. I wish all of us would turn our eyes toward Him just a few minutes every day of our lives, not just when we are in trouble. I am afraid most of us have forgotten God.

Do you think that when Washington came to his knees to pray, when our nation, still a baby, was in its first zero hour, he was praying for the first time? No. He never forgot God. God never forgot the Father of our Country either, nor the handful of ragged, frozen men.

Was Lincoln praying for the first time in his life when brother was killing brother, when our country was facing its second zero hour? I doubt it. Lincoln's very life was a prayer of hope for the brotherhood of man. . . .

If every American gave fifteen minutes a day to honest, sincere prayer (I don't mean for his own needs), you can imagine how tremendous a force we, as a nation, could generate. This tremendous, positive force could whip the negative forces of war and disaster. Washington proved it. Lincoln proved it. Even little tiny Joan of Arc proved it. Why can't we prove it? We have material wealth. We have resourcefulness. Now, Mom, you get those civilians to join hands with us in the military forces and let's all pray together to Almighty God for divine guidance during this hour of blackness all over this weary, cracked-up world. What do you say? If we all get together, we can't lose. Joe Louis said we are on God's side. Let's ask Him to keep us there for keeps.

Here in the paratroops, I doubt if you can find an atheist. For that matter there are none in foxholes either. But what I mean is that every paratrooper prays earnestly, deeply. They fill the chapel every Sunday and I know they "give out" just as they "give out" of

their very best during practice maneuvers and jumps. These fellows are the apple of my eye. How else do you suppose they get so much courage, strength and tenacity of purpose to go jumping out of the door of a speeding plane? They get it from God.

When I shout, "Stand at the door!" one by one they crouch like a lion ready to spring. At the command "Look up!" each one, when his turn comes to jump tightens his jaws and looks up. I study the expressions and I know that each pair of eyes that looks up the second before the jump is trying to find some form of the Almighty or his manifestation up there in the blue. Their firm lips move a little—it's a little prayer—you can take my word for it.

"Are you ready?" I ask, and they shout a "Yes!" that drowns out the plane motors. At "Follow me!" these crouching young lions tail me so close I have to admire them. Fear overcome by faith!

EDDIE.

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THE CAMPS FARTHEST OUT

Starr Daily, Glenn Harding and Glenn Clark have just completed a series of Institutes of Prayer and Creative Living held over a period of three and a half months in all the largest cities of America east of the Rockies. Prayers were for *inner* victory—victory for the souls of men. As a follow-up of these Institutes, the Camps this year will be dedicated to the winning of this war for God, and the winning of the peace for all the forces of Good that God wills for it.

At the Camps this summer we hope to learn how to pray with a power that we never possessed before, and to broadcast love to all the world with a power and genuineness that only true followers of Jesus can comprehend.

There will be five camps this year, accessible to people in every part of the country. Locations and tentative dates are as follows:

COOKE SPRINGS, ALABAMA, June 5th through 13th. *Secretary:* Mr. Walter Beall, Commercial Bank, Andalusia, Alabama.

GLENDORA, CALIFORNIA, last ten days of June. *Secretary:* Mrs. Allen Rice, Smoke Tree Ranch, Palm Springs, California. This camp may be transferred to another location.

COLORADO CAMP. One week the middle of July. For exact dates and location write the secretary, Miss Ella Schenck, 2549 Birch Street, Denver, Colorado.

KORONIS CAMP, at Paynesville, Minnesota, August 2nd to 16th. *Secretary:* Mrs. Kenneth W. Wegner, 105 Winona Street, Northfield, Minnesota.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, New Hampshire, August 28th through September 5th. *Secretary:* Mrs. Graham Child, Winchester Center, Connecticut.

For further information address the secretaries. A Camp Farthest Out bulletin will be mailed to all on the *Clear Horizons* mailing list in April, with complete information.

Back copies of *Clear Horizons* are still available, at 25c per copy. Issues available are:

March, 1941, issue on Immortality.
January, 1942, issue on Deepening of the Spiritual Life.
April, 1942, issue on Guidance.
July, 1942, issue on Prayer.
October, 1942, issue on Facing the War in a Spiritual Way.

Blood Banks and Love Banks

Nowadays the shock following major operations is largely done aw with through the transfusion of new blood. What blood is to the body, Lo is to the soul. The world today is going through a major operation. Old ev of a century's standing are being cut away and the shock is almost greater th this dear old world can stand.

While the Red Cross is calling for millions to contribute blood to t Blood Bank of the Nation, to minimize the shock of surgery on the batt fields, the Editors of *Clear Horizons* are calling on all readers to contribu Love to the Love Bank of the Nation to minimize the shock that hate a despair will otherwise bring to our poor old earth.

During the three months that the Third Front was carried to the citi of America, from November first to February fifteenth, the loss of life the American boys was practically nil and all the battles in which our natio participated were victories. After these meetings came to an end, great loss life for the American boys began in Africa and on the high seas. We se out SOS calls immediately to key people and deeply spiritual prayer groups f an infusion of Love into the world situation at once. The tide of battle turne almost immediately. Was this merely coincidence or did Love have th power we think it has?

Wise men tell us that only if America suffers enough will the spiritu awakening we long for come to pass. Washington now warns us to expe 100,000 American casualties a month until the war ends. But do our bo need to pay such a price before we can wake up to the Voice of God? W who have been on the Third Front believe that enough Love sent forth fro the hearts of praying people can end this war in a far better way.

So the world situation simmers down to this: we are in a race betwee Love and Suffering, as to which will end the war. We believe that Love ca be the victor. So while the Red Cross is calling for blood for the Blood Ban to lighten the shock of suffering soldiers so they can go back and fight an kill more men, we are calling for Love for the Love Bank of God to help Hi win the war in a better way than by killing men and by hating nations, an thus prepare the world for a just and lasting peace.